THE BYSTANDER
Vol. XL. — No. 519.

£2,000

NOVEMBER 12, 1913

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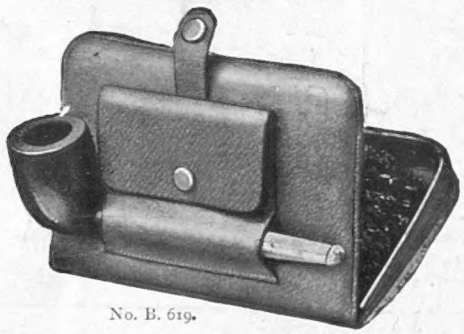

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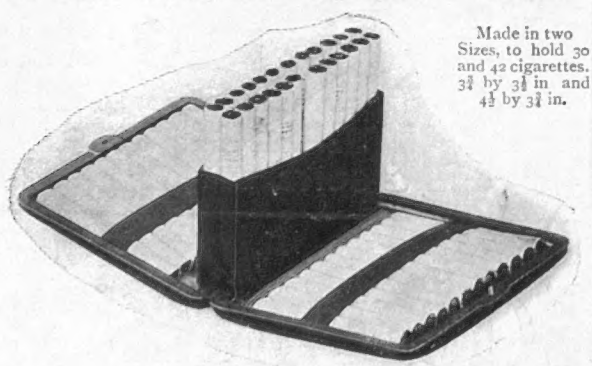

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It wears three to five times as long as ordinary hose, so test it with guarantee of FREE replacement for two months.

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Price *SILK* Holeproof Hose.

TWO Pairs Gent's Silk Socks .. .. **7/6** (post 2d.)
Colours—Grey, Tan, Purple, Navy, Saxe, Green, Black, White

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On the guarantee that we will replace them free if a hole develops within two months. will you send your P.O. to-day to

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DRAWN WIRE ELECTRIC LAMPS
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The Bystander, November 12, 1913.—No. 519. Vol. XL.

Politics, Society, & the Drama.

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AN ACCIDENT INSURANCE POLICY FOR £2,000

Art, Literature, & Sport.

The BYSTANDER

Photograph *Howard Barrett*

NOT THEIR DAY OUT

Some of the Grove Hunt hounds "cribbed, cabined, and confined," no doubt to their own intense chagrin, in Earl Fitzwilliam's kennels at Barnby Moor, near Retford. From the wistful look in their eyes, they are probably watching the release of other more fortunate brothers

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E. T. Reed on Happy England.
A. Wallis Mills on The Tango.
George Morrow on "Live Papers for the Dead." Verses by Vivian Carter.
Norman Morrow's Double-Page on Critics versus Authors: "The Cavil-Cade."
Prescott-Davies's "The Latest Favourite" From the R.I.B.A.
Lawson Wood on Airmen and Convicts.
Thomas Maybank on Suffragettes.
Balfour-Ker's Double-Page on Babies and Parents: "Awaiting a Smile."
Bert Thomas's Double-Page "Boys, My Wife!" A Daring Social Satire.
Crombie's "Christmas Horse of Troy."

And Other Striking Subjects by

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Coloured Presentation Plate:
"THE SHOP GIRL" By Harold Speed.

The Literary Contents Include:

"THE EDITORIAL ATTITUDE," and "A VACUUM WITH A MORAL" by the Editor.
"THE VERDICT OF POSTERITY." Story by B. Macdonald Hastings.
"LOSE THE WOMAN" by Harford Worlock.
"IS PANTOMIME PLAYED OUT?" by "Jingle."
"SHOULD AUTHORS HIDE THEMSELVES?" by Basil Tozer.
"THE ELK." Story by "Saki."
"THE REAL GHOST." A Seasonable Story by Horace Horsnell.
"THE VILLAGE THAT DESERVED IT" A Tale of the Balkan War by Thos. Tattenham.
"DELILAH RELENTS." A Study in Dress and Morals by Olga Somerville.

Bystander Comments

THE SMILE

That has served Captain Leslie Wilson throughout the Reading Election, and, at the end of it, had less reason than ever to come off. He beat his Liberal opponent, Mr. Gooch, by 1,131, and the combined Liberal and Socialist by 68. He has, in fact, taken the biscuit

—And Then Christmas

With the Lord Mayor's Show passes the first of the more malignant omens of winter's approach. Next comes Christmas. To enable our readers to get the festive season in hand at the earliest possible moment, we shall offer our BYSTANDER ANNUAL next week. It will be found to contain seasonable —and other—material at least equal in quality to former years, and in quantity sufficient to keep the reader occupied for many dark days.

***

How Indeed?

The "poor old Tory Party!" Mr. George, at Middlesbrough, remarked that it "must not hear the tramp of the great new forces that are marching along the high road on the way to battle for a free land." But if the sound of the march is as funereally muffled as it was at Reading and Linlithgow, how can one be expected to hear it?

***

Unkind

It was distinctly unkind of Captain Wilson to poll more than both Liberals and Socialists combined. It would have been so helpful for the Government papers to have been able to trot out the old gag about the "split in the cause of progress." The defeat, as it is, is complete.

***

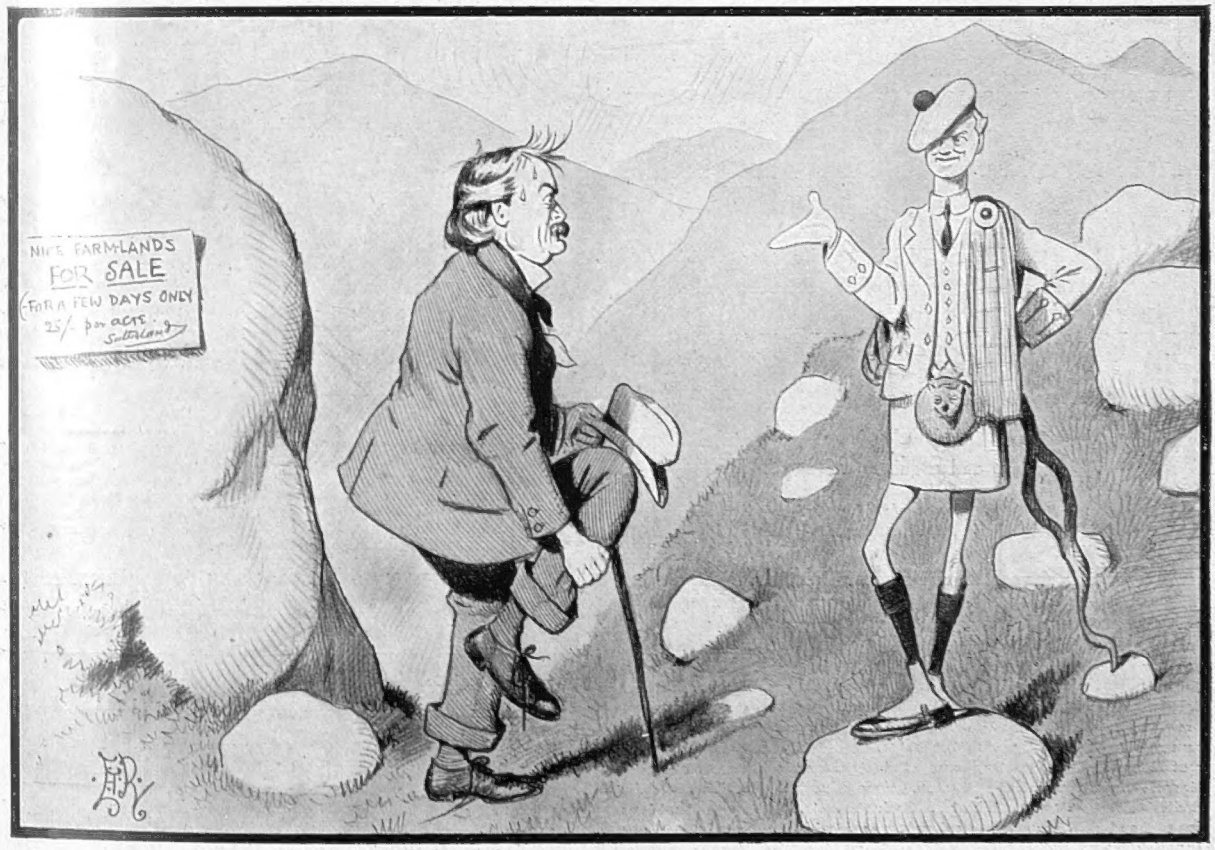
Nasty Fruit

The cause is, apparently, "misrepresentations of the Insurance Act." I can understand some things being misrepresented in politics, but not the Insurance Act. This particular "rare and refreshing fruit" is compulsorily in the mouth of every elector, and if he has not acquired the taste for it after eighteen months, will he ever?

***

The North Wind Doth Blow

If the Liberals wish to believe that Home Rule was not the issue at Reading, what of Linlithgow? Some thirteen hundred more Scotsmen voted Unionist than was the case three years ago, and two hundred and twenty fewer voted Radical. Sir E. Carson and others have talked Home Rule in Scotland and nothing else.



SUTHERLAND AVENUE, N.B.; OR CHARMING LITTLE PLOTS IN THE HIGHLANDS

(The Duke of Sutherland invited the Chancellor of the Exchequer to visit his deer forests and inspect for himself their suitability for agriculture)

MR. LL. G. (blown after several hours solid climbing to his ducal host): "Inteet it is a long wa-a-y!! (phew!) I had no ide-a of the dist-ance!! I'm afraid it is rather inaccess-ible! Yes, yes, yes! I'm afraid so-o-o!! My leg feels alm-ost as if it had been pu-ulled, look you! To gootness yes!!"

BY E. T. REED

ENTERTAINMENTS.

EMPIRE. "TITANIA."
New Ballet, Mendelssohn's Music. Lydia Kyasht, M. L. Joukoff.
THE GAY LOTHARIO. A Vaudeville, Maidie Hope, Shaun Glenville, etc., etc, and Varieties. Evenings, at 8.

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Mat. Sats. at 2. MR. GEORGE EDWARDES' New Production
"THE GIRL FROM UTAH," a Musical Play in two Acts.
Box Office, 10 to 10. Tels. 2645 and 8886 Gerrard.

DALY'S THEATRE. EVERY EVENING AT 8.
Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES' new production
"THE MARRIAGE MARKET," a Musical Play in 3 Acts.
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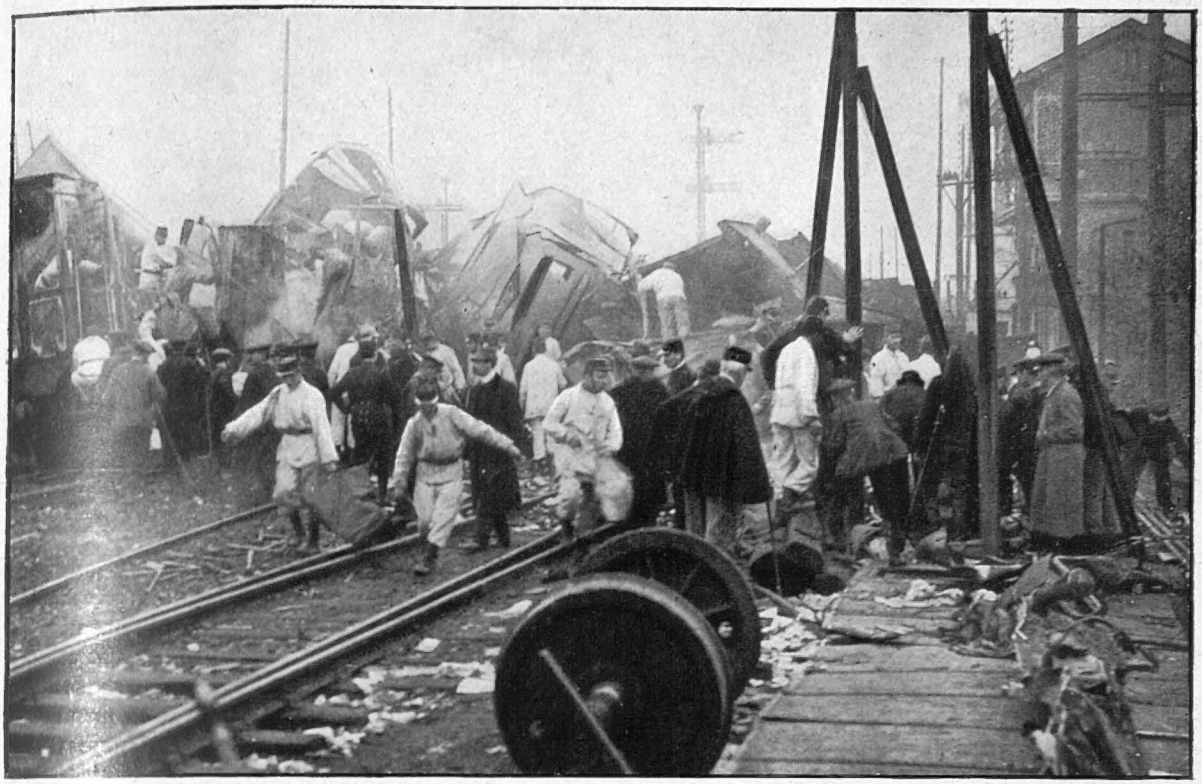


THE SCENE AT MELUN ON THE MORNING AFTER THE ACCIDENT

Rescue workers and railway men are here seen clearing away the débris from the wrecked trains. On the left of the photograph are two members of the postal service carrying a mail-bag between them

THE WRECKED ENGINE OF THE MARSEILLES-PARIS EXPRESS

To the list of deplorable railway accidents that have occured during the past few months has now to be added another—perhaps worse than any of its predecessors. On Tuesday evening the Marseilles-Paris express, travelling at a great pace, ran into the Paris-Marseilles mail train at Melun, a few miles from Paris. Thirty-eight lives were lost and a number of people were injured. The accident bears a remarkable resemblance to the one at Aisgill in that both were due to neglect of signals on the part of an engine-driver

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (*continued*)

STILL SMILING

Prince Arthur of Connaught is spending part of his honeymoon at Madrid on a visit to the King and Queen of Spain. He is here seen greeting friends on arrival. King Alfonso is seen on the right

Gaby and the Princess

I hear that Royal and other dove-cotes were sadly fluttered and telephone and telegraph wires agitated in all directions by the announcement that Mlle. Gaby Deslys and her *ami* Pilcer were to appear at the Gaiety *matinée* last week on behalf of a Clapham charity, which Princess Henry of Battenberg had promised to attend. Explanations that the statement was quite unauthorised were forthwith sent out; perhaps some people did not see them, as they only appeared on the morning of the performance; but at any rate, there was a very full house, the Royal patron appeared, and Mlle. Deslys did not—and so presumably everything was all right and everyone satisfied.

* * *

The Moral

Though why there should have been all this to-do I don't quite know, seeing that Gaby has not only continued to give her show nightly at that most fashionable house, the Palace, but has now been publicly approved by the clergy in the person of the Vicar of Brixton. "A nice, unaffected, and good woman," so he describes Mlle. Deslys, after several interviews and a Savoy lunch. And when she reaches New York she is to appear on Sunday evenings in his play, *Should a Woman Tell?*—on at the Palace this week, by the way—the real moral of which, as the Vicar has pointed out, is that no gentleman as *is* a gentleman should ever inquire into a lady's past.

THE SPEAKER'S EYE CAUGHT

A picture showing that it is easy for a high-flying partridge to do what a great many members of Parliament find extremely difficult, though with disastrous consequences equal to those attendant upon many an M.P.

PRINCESS ARTHUR AND THE QUEEN OF SPAIN IN MADRID

Where the end of the former's honeymoon is being passed

FREEMAN OF NEWCASTLE

Sir Edward Grey (on left), at Newcastle Town Hall on the occasion of his receiving the freedom of the city on Thursday last. On the right is the Lord Mayor, Mr. J. F. Weidner, with the casket in which is the scroll presented to Sir Edward

"SLAP, BANG! HERE WE ARE AGAIN"

We welcome this photograph of Lord Murray of Elibank, for we feared he had got lost. But here he is at Fusagasuga, Columbia, with Mr. Percy C Wyndham, the British Minister (on left), and Vicomte de Fontenoy, the French Minister, still, we take it, oiling the wheels of the Eagle Company's business

Positively Everybody—except the Kaiser

—WHO IS ANYBODY IN GERMAN ROYAL CIRCLES

THE KAISER'S SIX SONS, DAUGHTER, SON-IN-LAW, AND DAUGHTERS-IN-LAW

Quite one of the most interesting as well as the most unique photographs of Royal Groups ever taken is that reproduced above, showing from left to right: (back row) Prince Joachim of Prussia, the Duchess of Brunswick, the Duke of Brunswick; (second row) Prince Oscar of Prussia, Princess August-Wilhelm of Prussia, the Crown Prince, Prince Eitel-Friedrich; (front row) Princess Eitel-Friedrich, the Crown Princess, Prince Adalbert (wearing the beard that he began to grow three weeks ago), and Prince August-Wilhelm of Prussia

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (*continued*)

Monstrous

One is glad to know that the Courts have allowed the Duke of Argyll's appeal against the monstrous claim for super-tax on the allowance of £6,000 a year which Princess Louise has received undisturbed since her marriage in 1871. The super-tax is, of course, only meant to apply to the incomes of the "idle rich," and not to members of the Royal family who have performed distinguished public services, such as the modelling of the statue of Queen Victoria, which now stands in Kensington Gardens.

* * *

A Public Hero

The Evening News, which has discovered that it is essentially a family paper, has, so it appears, a reader who has not missed an issue for ten years! Perhaps when Lord Northcliffe has got all the necessary recruits for the Army by means of advertisements in the *Daily Mail*, he will see to the privileges of the V.C. being extended to readers like this.

* * *

Long Live the Lunatic!

For cant, hypocrisy, and cruel foolishness commend me the concluding sentence of the medical report on poor King Otto of Bavaria. Having described symptoms of incurable madness that have persisted more than a quarter of a century, it gives various reasons "for hope that the king will still live a number of years." It is time somebody dared to say in public what everybody thinks in private, that this pious regard for the lives of the incurably insane is a fetish that often does hurt to the lunatic himself and usually inflicts a lot of unnecessary suffering on his friends and relations.

* * *

Art and the Home

Following the most orthodox journalistic traditions a weekly contemporary has discovered Mr. Fry's "Omega" workshops just as they seem to be in imminent danger of breaking up! But there is no doubt that the whole question of art as applied to every day life is coming very much to the front again. And high time, too. The manner in which we have divided art and life into two watertight compartments is absurd. We propose next week to begin a series of articles which will show how contemporary theories of colour and line can be utilised in home decoration without great expense. A subject, surely, that will attract every member of a race like ours, well-known for the great interest it has always shown in anything that concerns the home.

NEW YORK'S NEW "BOSS"

Mr. John Purroy Mitchel, the anti-Tammany candidate for the Mayoralty of New York, who was elected last week by a sweeping majority, in spite of the "Dough" i.e., Vote money, without which no New York election would be complete or "honourable"

* * *

The Collapse of Tammany

So Tammany has collapsed at last. This news is supposed to fill the English reader with virtuous exultation. For to him Tammany just represents a vague something enormous and corrupt—that is all. As a matter of fact I have always understood that the Tammany organisation is but a more or less unscrupulous municipal variant of our own particular Party-machine. Can the collapse of the one foreshadow the breaking-up of the other?

* * *

The Panama Pacific Exposition

To get the present Government to change its mind about anything at all would seem absurd, but a National Committee is going to try to achieve this miracle over the Panama Exposition, supported by some of the greatest captains of industry in the country. The Committee, the Secretary of which is Mr. W. A. M. Goode, Trafalgar Buildings, W.C., is now hard at work, and we wish it every success, for if British traders are really desirous of competing at San Francisco or anywhere else no Government decision ought to stand in their way.

MR. ROGER FRY

Whose Post-Impressionistic workshop, started some months ago, with the idea of applying the principles of the new decorative art to interior decoration is said to be about to cease. The portrait is reproduced from "Men of Mark" by Mr. Alvin Langdon Coburn, now published by Messrs. Duckworth

* * *

Current Charity

The Conservative and Unionist Women's Franchise Association are holding an exhibition of women engaged in sweated industries at Caxton Hall, Westminster, S.W., on Thursday, November 13, to be opened by Mr. Edward Goulding, M.P., and on Friday, November 14, to be opened by Sir Arthur Griffith Boscawen, M.P. A number of speeches and lantern lectures will be given.

An Autumn Bride-Elect

Photograph *Lallie Charles*

MISS HOPE MARY WOODBINE PARISH

Only daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Chas. Woodbyne Parish, who is engaged to Mr. Arthur G. Soames, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Soames, of Lilliput, Dorset. Miss Parish is a niece of Lord Torphichen, who is her mother's brother, and her fiancé holds a commission in the Coldstream Guards

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

The Housewife's Complaint

AIR! *The Rosary*

The hours I've spent o'er this weird card,
Are as a puzzling maze to me;
I count the pence out, while denouncing hard,
It's roguery, it's roguery.

Each clause a threat, each threat a scare,
Of lines from meagre wages wrung,
I read it over to the end—well there,
Lloyd George be hung!

Oh! benefits I can't discern,
Oh! premium to malingering scamps,
I give it up, and so resigned, I turn
To lick the "stamps."
Here goes—to lick the stamps.

* *
*

The Importance of the Duchy

The long strip photograph on this page gives a graphic idea of the great importance of the position to which the Kaiser's son-in-law and daughter succeed as rulers of the Duchy of Brunswick. Such a crowd as that assembled in the market place—despite the rain—would be difficult to assemble in any English provincial town of the same size (175,000 inhabitants). German local patriotism is a thing of which we, living at present in the United Kingdom, have no idea: we often fail to realise, when we talk of Germany, that that Empire is made up of such communities. Duke Ernst ... Duchess Victoria are rulers, with a Court, a Parliament, and a Ministry, of a real live State. They are allies, not subjects, of the Kaiser, and Duke Ernst took his new throne with another feather in his cap than that of the Brunswick Hu... —the feather of his triumph over the Kaiser in the matter of the throne of Hanover.

* *
*

The Kaiser Duped

He becomes Duke of Brunswick without having surrendered the Guelph claim to the throne of Hanover, and this despite the disapproval of his brother-in-law, the Crown Prince. As the Berlin Bystander informed us a week or so ago, the Kaiser and Chancellor were completely taken in. "The Kaiser imagined he was giving his daughter to the enemy on condition that the enemy became friend. The enemy took the daughter and said, 'Thanks, but don't worry about the friendship . . . .' In fact, Prince Ernst August stole the bride."

THE CROWDS WAITING IN ...

The new Duke and Duchess of Brunswick made a triumphal entry into their capital on Monday of last week to the accompaniment of much "freudengefuhl" on the part of the loyal Brunswickers. The Prince, having sworn allegiance to the ruler of Prussia, and the Federal Council being satisfied with his guarantees, now assumes sovereign power in Brunswick; it is to be hoped that this means the end of the Guelph-Hohenzollern feud, cynical German newspapers think ...

The Prince with the Stolen Bride

THE HOME-COMING OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF BRUNSWICK
Prince Fr[illegible]nd Princess Victoria Louise listening to the school-children in the Market Square, Brunswick

ARKET PLACE OF BRUNSWICK
ph claims to Hanover are likely to remain unabated, and the fact that a Guelph was allowed to ascend the throne of nswick without an explicit renunciation of the Hanoverian throne has been much commented upon by the German press. r lower photograph shows the crowd in the Market Square waiting to welcome their new rulers, while the upper one gives e idea of how the Duke and Duchess appeared to those members of the crowd who were near enough to see them properly

Further Fashion Trouble?

SOME SUGGESTED INNOVATIONS IN FEMININE HAT WEAR

Photographs *Foulsham and Banfield*

The styles of feminine head-gear, illustrated above, will doubtless be recognised by readers of "The Bystander" as belonging to France of the fifteenth century, or (and it comes to the same thing really) as part of the quaint get-up of some of the characters in Mr. Raymond Rôze's new opera, "Joan of Arc." Tickling by feather is bad enough, but the unhappy male journeying in tube or omnibus will be liable to serious injury should this sort of thing become the prevailing fashion in women's hats. And it's just the sort of thing that might easily happen!

ANXIOUS INQUIRIES IN IRELAND

WHAT DUBLIN SAYS— —AND THINKS

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

SACKVILLE STREET, THE G.P.O., AND NELSON'S PILLAR, DUBLIN

THE first thing to greet you as you arrive in Dublin is, of course, as everybody knows, Davy Stephens, the Kingstown newsvendor. "*Oirish T[illegible]s, Daily Express, Ally Sloper, Freeman, Winning [illegible], Church Times, War Cry*—what's yours, sir?"

I needn't say much about him. He's very well-known, and very well-to-do, so they say, and everybody loves him because it's so pleasant to be welcomed to Ireland by something distinctively Irish. When Stephens retires—as I hope he never may—the Irish Parliament should erect a statue to him, and should even now be taking a gramophone record of his accent for the study of his successors.

The second distinctively Irish thing is the jaunting-car, which needs a practised seat. I nearly lost the skin of my right leg as we shaved past another vehicle outside Amiens Station. The third Irish thing is the lettering of street names in Erse as well as Saxon. Very pretty, and foreign-looking.

"For whose benefit was it done?" I asked. "Oh, for the English visitors, of course," explained my cicerone. "The translations were all done in London, which is the only place where anybody can be found who can read and write our national language."

I have become (in Dublin) a modified Home Ruler, for one very important reason. I am a patriotic Briton, and find Dublin to be, at present, so much more British a capital than London that it will be an ideal refuge for our very own English nationalists from cosmopolitanism.

In Dublin, at least, you can spend a whole day and hear nothing but your own language spoken—grammatically spoken, and more beautifully. No hideous Cockney vowel sounds, no nasal Semitic twang, no dropped "h's," just plain good English. And names on the shops, with one or two Irish exceptions, are preponderantly Saxon or Norman, whereas in London you have French, German, and Hebrew ones innumerable.

If you stop a stranger in the West End of London, the odds are heavy against his being a Briton. In Dublin he is likely to be at least that. Wherefore I say that I like Dublin because it's so British, and as Home Rule will, in all probability, keep it so, and free from contaminating cosmopolitanism, I drink a strictly non-committal non-alcoholic health to Mr. John Redmond.

In his Parliament, too, when it sits, the list of members will not read—as does Westminster's—like an Old Testament genealogical table, and if the debates are delivered in Irish accents, well, they're more home-like at least than Hebraic ones, and at least as agreeable to an Englishman as Scots or north-country brogues and burrs.

In temperament, too, am I saying something scandalous when I opine that a Saxon feels closer akin to the people across the Channel than he does to those across the Tweed and the Severn? And doesn't a few minutes heart-to-heart talk reveal at least as close an identity of political thought between Tory and Nationalist as between Tory and Scots, Welsh, or North-Country Radical?

"Why wouldn't *you* give us Home Rule?" I was asked by a Sackville Street shopkeeper. "It will bring back Irishmen from all parts of the world, fill up our big empty houses, and altogether be the making of us."

"But won't it keep *us* away—the English, who have money, too, and know how to spend it?"

He laughed.

"Why, ye'll come in your thousands to see how we're gettin' on, and as for journalists—well, if *our* Parliament doesn't keep you a good deal better filled up with news than your own does, Ireland will ask the reason why."

Walking along Dame Street, past the Parliament House, I pictured to myself the scene—a twelve-month hence?—when its pavements will be crowded with politicians, lobbyists, journalists, and their ladies, constituents from Cork and Connemara, tourists from England and America—and wondered whether there might not be something in it all from the Dublin view-point. One's mind divested of politics and one's eye contemplating the Irishman as he is and not as he is depicted in Party cartoons, one had none of those fears that he would use his powers to the detriment of ourselves that it is proper one should have. I wrote last week that I was conscious of the spirit of political and racial independence in Belfast. In Dublin I saw the same desire for independence, but it was as much personal and sentimental as political. These fellows, I reflected, are just like ourselves—they have what they believe to be a very fine show of their own and they want to run it themselves!

So much for reflections in the street—reflections which are always, I suppose, politically wrong. For politics in Dublin, as everywhere else, are not made by men in the street. In London the average Englishman is about as little like the men who really rule him, in Parliament, on platform, and in the Press, as in Dublin the average Irishman is like the United Irish Leaguers, the Sinn Feiners, the Hibernians, and the rest of those who are likely to rule him. It is here that the politics come in, and by the time I had been for a very few minutes in the Kildare Street Club I had received from a number of well-informed lips the correct view of the situation.

Irish politics are less the politics of the man in the street and more those of the machine than in any other country of the world. If the Unionist Party had the Irishman himself to deal with and not his "representatives," I doubt not Home Rule would soon enough be granted in some form or another. But it is the politicians who count, and for "politician," they say, read "priest." They point to a passing cleric and remind me that it is the daily duty of such as he to regulate the lives and thoughts of hundreds of thousands: that these priests are the power behind the most powerful of Ireland's political machines—the Ancient Order of Hibernians, and that this body rules Irish politics with a rod of iron. They tell me that, while it continues its power, the true politics of the true Irishman can never be known: that the farmers of the South, outwardly Hibernians and Home Rulers, are daily conveying to Unionists secretly that they dread Home Rule and trust to heaven it will never pass. For since the Land Settlement England has become their patron and protector, and to England they look for guarantees of their security in their new-found prosperity.

Why do they not make open confession of their distrust? That would surely bring against them the boycott, and its attendant evils, while, should a working-class member of the Ancient Order of Hibernians show any signs of "ratting," there would be brought against him a weapon placed in the tyrant's hands by the English Government itself—if you please, the Insurance Act.

By that measure, the A.O.H. has, as an "approved society," been practically subsidized, and I have had given me evidence of the fact that it uses its "benefit" funds for purposes of political pressure. I was told of an actual case where a farm labourer in the South, applying for "benefit," was asked whether he had got his gun ready to use on the Ulstermen if and when necessary, as only on his enlisting himself in the "army" which the A.O.H. is secretly drilling, could his claim for "benefit" be admitted.

That the A.O.H. is expecting, when the time comes, to play Carson at his own game, is testified to as a fact by men of knowledge and authority. Probably this is unknown to the generality of Englishmen, as it is part of the Nationalist game to represent Ulster and Sir Edward Carson as the aggressors, while the rest of Ireland is as mild as milk! When war comes, so far from it being a case of Ulstermen crying, "Where is the enemy?" "Let me get at him," it will be one of self-defence. For the secret forces of Nationalism are none the less organised and ready because they are keeping quiet about it.

CARSONITIS—A CATCHING COMPLAINT

CAPTAIN SIR FRANCIS VANE, Bart.

Who, according to Miss Sylvia Pankhurst, is to raise a volunteer army—"like Sir Edward Carson's"—to defend the Suffragette movement when necessary. So Trafalgar Square will shortly resound on Sunday afternoons to the martial cries of "Company! Form fours!"—perhaps!

Desperate Measures

FOOTMAN (to friend of his master's, who has called during "the morning after the night before"): "No, sir, he's not down yet, sir, but he's had four cold baths!"

BY THORPE

A Feminine Character

CONFESSEDLY NOT UNDERSTOOD BY HER CREATOR—

MISS GRACE CROFT—(CAMERA PORTRAIT BY ALVIN LANGDON COBURN)

As Patricia Carleon, the only feminine character in Mr. Chesterton's new play, *Magic*, at the Little Theatre, and one which her creator, Mr. Chesterton, himself confesses he cannot understand

—And a Credulous Clergyman

ANOTHER LEADING LIGHT IN MR. CHESTERTON'S "MAGIC"

MR. O. P. HEGGIE—(CAMERA PORTRAIT BY ALVIN LANGDON COBURN)

As the Rev. Cyril Smith in Mr. G. K. Chesterton's new and fantastic comedy, *Magic*, produced at the Little Theatre last Friday. The Rev. Cyril is a true believer in the supernatural

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

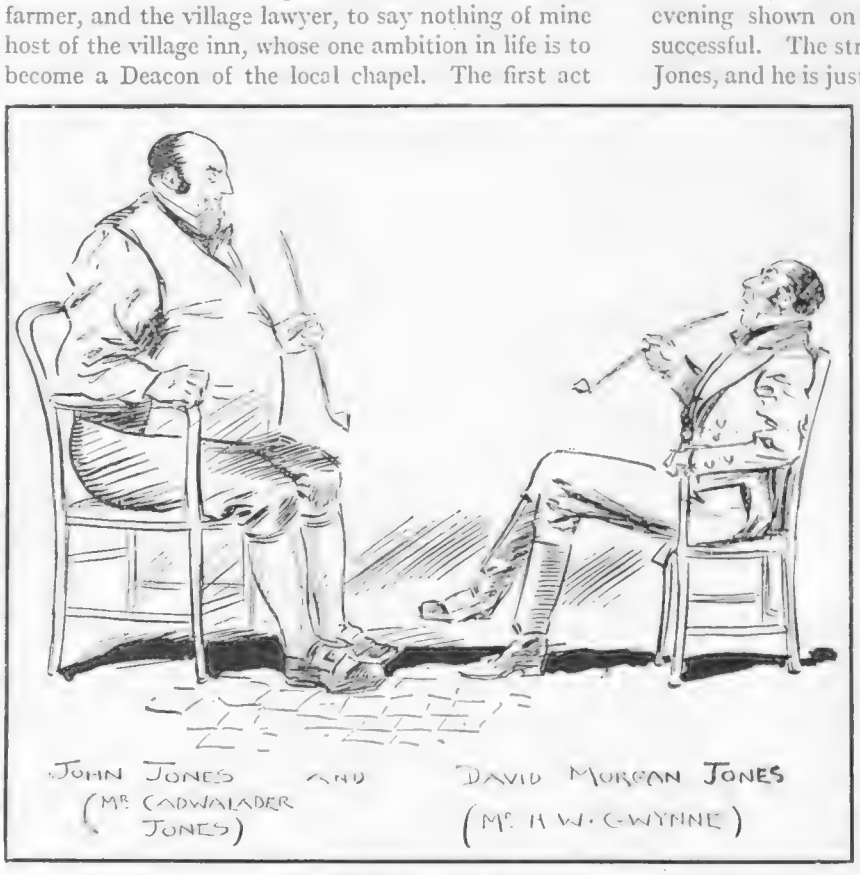
"The Joneses" at the Strand Theatre

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

THIS is an extremely interesting play, presented for the most part by ladies and gentlemen who are Welsh by name and nature. The author, Mr. Laurence Cowen, calls it a comedy, but if he will forgive me for saying so, it is really nothing of the sort. It is a kind of folk-play, a careful, and, as far as I am able to judge, an accurate, study of the manners and customs of the inhabitants of an obscure Welsh village. The name of the village is Llynwllanwllyn, and when it is mentioned by the native players the result is something between a cough and a sigh. I trust I shall never be able to pronounce the word myself. Mr. Cowen has been a faithful chronicler of the ways of the little people among whom he has lived so long; quite properly he is to their virtues very kind and to their faults a little blind. There is, indeed, an air of genial good-nature about the whole production.

The story of the play is of the slightest. The aim of the author has, apparently, been to present a picture of the village of (I apologise to the printer, but we have got to have it again) Llynwllanwllyn, and so we make the acquaintance of the local pig-farmer, and the village lawyer, to say nothing of mine host of the village inn, whose one ambition in life is to become a Deacon of the local chapel. The first act shows us all these worthies assembled at the inn with their clay pipes and their mugs of beer, and the theme of their very animated discussion is the desirability of procuring for the use of the village of—see above—a good workable hearse. The Vicar of the Parish has generously undertaken to supply the vehicle in question at his own expense; but the good chapel people cannot contemplate with equanimity the prospect of being carried to rest by the favour of the opposition establishment. It is, therefore, proposed to mine host that he should forestall the Vicar by presenting the hearse in question to the parish, and in return for this designing generosity his election as a Deacon will be guaranteed. As will be seen, there is nothing epoch-making in all this, neither is there anything that could be regarded as threatening the peace of Europe. It is parish-pump politics all the while; but the author has contrived to give it an air of importance that makes the picture amusingly real.

Towards the end of the first act it looks as if something were actually about to happen. A stranger comes to the village inn for shelter from the rain. And here it may be remarked that the illusion of a rainy evening shown on the stage is quite phenomenally successful. The stranger calls himself Mr. Plantagenet Jones, and he is justified in explaining to the assembled company that his first name at least has been borne by some rather distinguished people in English history. With regard to his second name, that, as is universally known, is commonly believed to have been the patronymic of the patriarch Noah himself. Mr. Planatagenet Jones has not been for many minutes in the society of the other Joneses before he is satisfied that he is among what connoisseurs call "green goods," and as he seems to be a person who gains a precarious living by the use of his wits alone, he takes the opportunity of settling down to business at once. He tells the company that he has come from London to make the village of—what I said before—famous in the eyes of the world. Wales, like the rest of us, has her time done many things and has left many things undone, but her crowning fault is her neglect to invent a national



FRIENDS IN COUNCIL

"Hob-nobbing"—we think that is the correct term—over a quiet pipe

A Welsh Invasion

The Joneses, the new comedy of Welsh life at the Strand Theatre, is a decidedly humorous production. The author makes plenty of fun at the expense of life in the village of Llynwllanwllyn, and also presents us with what must be a curio, to wit, an Englishman who, under the alias of Plantagenet Jones, is clever enough to exploit the "simple" Welsh villagers into investing in a non-alcoholic beverage to be called Welsh Whiskey. The play is very well acted, by natives, and should fill the bill at the Strand for many weeks to come

BY NORMAN MORROW

brand of whiskey. We have Scotch whiskey and Irish whiskey—why not Welsh whiskey? And why should not the village with the wheezy name live for all time as the historical spot in which the new spirit—so to speak—was born?

The idea is quite delightful, but the author is so bent on developing his characters by his own rather laborious methods that he treats it as a secondary consideration throughout. When the subject is discussed three of the Joneses present opine that Wales owes her outstanding moral superiority to the fact that unlike the godless Irish and Scotch, her name is not associated with strong drink in any form, and, therefore, it is not likely that their village would consider such an enterprise for a moment. Mr. Plantagenet Jones, however, is not a person to be easily defeated. He explains with ready wit that the whiskey he proposes to manufacture is of the non-intoxicating kind, and must, therefore, be regarded as a benign and reforming influence of the very highest class. The simple-minded Joneses swallow the bait at once. And as the prospect of doing good by stealth is accompanied by the equally fascinating prospect of a liberal cash profit, they set to work to put the proposition on a business footing.

By an accident which is more common on the stage than in real life Captain Owen Thomas, mariner, overhears the proposal to manufacture temperance whiskey in large quantities, and volubly resents this trifling with the legitimate thirst of seafaring men, whom for the moment he represents. Captain Thomas is supposed to be a man of rough tongue, and in support of this theory he uses the capital D on more than one occasion, and even goes so far as to say "blast it!" I have in my time met genial sailormen whose vocabulary was even more elastic than that; but then, Captain Thomas is a clergyman's son, and while his intentions are doubtless of the best, his opportunities for acquiring a decorative vocabulary must necessarily have been limited. Captain Thomas's great feat is the smuggling of a barrel of ship's rum into the distillery at which the non-intoxicating whiskey is being manufactured. The rum is then mixed with the first sample of the innocuous Welsh brand, and the consequence is developed on the stage in due course. The worthy deacons having partaken liberally of the glorious mixture in order to prove its wholesome and moral quality become quite depressingly intoxicated, and their laudable work in the good cause of temperance is undone in a moment. The acting of the company is the outstanding feature of the production. Being themselves Welsh they have, of course, no difficulty with the occasional native word that crops up here and there, although the pronunciation seemed so weird that at times I could hardly believe they were doing it on purpose. JINGLE

The Latest English Music

SIR EDWARD ELGAR'S "FALSTAFF," AND MR. RAYMOND RÔZE'S "JOAN OF ARC"

Composer and Perpetrator

Sir Edward Elgar has three aspects: he is philosophical, picturesque, or popular. Lately, in the two symphonies and the Violin Concerto, he has been specialising in the first of these aspects—and it is doubtful if it becomes him very well. He does not appear to have the breadth or the depth of personality necessary to great philosophical music. Consequently he has, let us whisper it, been rather dull at times, even pedantic and verbose. In short, I do not like Sir Edward in his *nobilmente* mood. As to his more popular music, I think all of us really have a sneaking affection for the composer of *Pomp and Circumstance*, though some of us find it hard to forgive the perpetrator of *The Crown of India*.

Mastery of Expression

But about his third aspect as the composer of the *Variations*, the *Sea Pictures*, *Gerontius*—for that great work is really picturesque rather than philosophical—and of *Falstaff* there can hardly be two opinions. In these compositions Sir Edward attains to a mastery of expression unknown in England since Purcell. It is, of course, quite impossible finally to make up one's mind about an important work like *Falstaff* on a first hearing, but some of the themes are obviously so good, the imagination is so vivid, the expression so direct that I cannot hesitate to place it among the very best of Sir Edward's compositions. It really seems to me, moreover, to mark a stage in his musical evolution. He relies far less than usual on development—that dreary hall-mark of orthodoxy, which to me disfigures many of his compositions—and lets his fancy range over imaginative incidents and quaint fantasies that are far better suited to his talent. His harmony, too, seems fresher, his orchestration, though still too full for my tastes, more delicate. In fact, Sir Edward in *Falstaff* really deserves the toast proposed by Richard Strauss in Germany at the time of the production of *Gerontius*: "To the first of the English Progressivists."

A Small Audience—

The one disappointment in the otherwise wholly delightful surprise last Monday at the Queen's Hall was the disgracefully small audience. It does seem extraordinary that of a musical public sufficient, as we know, to fill the "Proms." to overflowing every night for two months, not more than a few hundred could nerve themselves to go and hear an extremely good performance of the latest work of the most famous of English composers.

—And a Large One

On the other occasion of musical importance during the last few days it was quite otherwise. Mr. Raymond Rôze, producing his *Joan of Arc* at Covent Garden, had the pleasure of seeing the theatre packed from floor to ceiling. Mr. Rôze is, in fact, an extremely fortunate individual. He has obviously plenty of money at his back, and his list of patrons would grace a fashionable charity matinée. Thus he has been able to stage his opera regardless of expense with real armour, gorgeous dresses, and effective scenery. As to the opera itself, there is little to say. When I was a little boy at school I learned, like other

"The Joneses" in Real Life.

Camera Portrait *E. O. Hoppé*

MR. HENRY ARTHUR JONES WITH HIS DAUGHTER AND GRAND-DAUGHTER.

A charming picture of the well-known playwright—author of "Mary Goes First," lately produced at the Royalty—as a father and grandfather. His daughter is Mrs. Leslie Faber.

misguided little boys, to do a kind of puzzle called Latin verses. The method of procedure was this: I took a useful book called a Gradus, which was an English-Latin dictionary with a great many Latin words for every English one and a number of "tags" from classical authors. With the aid of these words and these "tags" I sometimes managed to translate the piece of English verse before me into something that remotely resembled Virgil. Nor was that surprising, for most of the words and expressions I used were, in fact, those of that celebrated author himself. Indeed, if they were not, they were probably condemned as inaccurate. Now Mr. Rôze has a Gradus, and there is a musical Virgil called Wagner—and shall we leave it at that? FRANCIS TOYE

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Personalities in the Hunting Field

OUT WITH THE HOUNDS ON THE OPENING DAY OF THE SEASON

WITH THE BLACKMOOR VALE

The Master, Mr. F. J. B. Wingfield Digby, talking with a lady member of the Hunt

LADY LOWTHER

At the opening meet of the Pytchley at Pitsford Hall

AT PITSFORD HALL, BRIXWORTH

Lord Annaly, Master of the Pytchley (on the right), with the Rt. Hon. Henry Chaplin, M.P., at the opening meet

AT THE OPENING MEET OF THE WARWICKSHIRE

The Master, Lord Willoughby de Broke, outside his house, Compton Verney, where the opening meet of the season took place on November 3

"The Hounds All Join in Joyful

Photograph *Sport and G*

THE SOUTHDOWN HUNT

Meets at the Kennels, Ringmer, Sussex, for the opening run of the season

Photograph *Topical*

WITH THE TIVERTON HUNT

The Hon. Mrs. Walrond and Colonel Edwards at the opening meet

Photograph

LADY PORTAL, THE

At the opening meet of the

November 1—last Saturday week—saw the opening of the hunting season, and North, South, East and West hound
at scor

ry, To Usher in the Morn"—Hunting Song

Photograph THE BROCKLESBY HOUNDS *Newspaper Illustrations*

At Welbeck Hill, on the day of the first meet. Lord Yarborough, the Master, greeted the hunt at Brocklesby Park

Central News

"MASTER" OF THE VINE

at Laverstoke House, near Whitchurch

Photograph *Newspaper Illustrations*

OUT WITH THE BROCKLESBY

The Hon. G. Sackville Pelham (in the silk hat) with Captain and Mrs. Pelham at the first meet of the season

huntsmen were out on as perfect a hunting morning as could be wished for. Above we reproduce photographs of scenes principal meets

The Opening Meet of the Hampshire ("H.H.") at Alton

Photograph A VIEW OF THE MEET AT CHAWTON HOUSE FROM ALTON CHURCH TOWER *[Sport and General*

The "H.H." is one of the oldest hunts, dating from 1745, and the country hunted lies entirely in Hampshire. The first meet of this season on November 3rd was an unqualified success from the point of view of both weather and sport

The Cabinet Minister's Guide to Knowledge

By LADY HELEN FORBES

Photograph *Lafayette*

LADY HELEN FORBES

The novelist, and author of the "Political Catechism" on this page, who is the surviving daughter of the late Earl of Craven

Q. WHAT is a Highland Forest?

A. A Highland Forest is a tract of land in the Highlands on which wild deer live.

Q. Of what dimensions is it?

A. Of twenty thousand acres and upwards.

Q. Is not this a very large area to be wholly given up to sport?

A. It is.

Q. Would it not be far better to devote it to other purposes?

A. It would not.

Q. Why not?

A. Because it is not adaptable by its nature to be devoted to any other purposes.

Q. How so? Might it not be once more put under cultivation?

A. It could not.

Q. Why not?

A. Because it never was under cultivation.

Q. Is it not a fact that hundreds of people have been turned out of it who formerly made a living by cultivating the soil?

A. It is not.

Q. Why not?

A. Because a Highland Forest is at an altitude which does not permit any crop to grow.

Q. Do you not make a forest by expelling all the inhabitants of the district and burning their houses?

A. No.

Q. How do you make a forest?

A. The Highland forests are not made.

Q. What do you do with the people on the land?

A. There are no people on the land.

Q. But what becomes of those who made their living out of cultivating the soil?

A. I have already explained to you that there were never any people there cultivating the soil. There is no soil to cultivate, and the deer forests are too high up.

Q. How high up are they?

A. Fifteen hundred feet and upwards.

Q. Is this too high to cultivate?

A. It is. Wheat will not grow above 1,000 feet, even in a propitious climate, nor will even oats above 1,500 feet.

Q. You will not deny that hundreds of crofters have been turned out of Scotland in the last seventy years?

A. No. But they were not turned out of the deer forests.

Q. If the land now given up to sport in Scotland were taken away and given to these exiles, would they not be able to live as their fathers before them did?

A. They would not.

Q. Why not?

A. Because their fathers before them in the Highlands lived by stealing other people's cattle, which the present state of the law does not allow.

Q. Are you sure of that?

A. If you mean, am I sure that they lived so I am—as far as the reading of history can make me. If you mean, am I sure that the law no longer permits it, I must refer you to the nearest police magistrate.

Q. Could the Highland forests not be turned into golf courses?

A. No.

Q. Why not?

A. Because, in order to do so, you would have to grub up the heather.

Q. Has heather not been grubbed up before now in order to make golf courses?

A. Possibly; but not on the sides of Highland hills.

Q. Why should it not be tried?

A. Because it would be a waste of time.

Q. Why?

A. Because the heather is the only thing which binds together the few inches of soil on the Highland hills, below which there is nothing but bare rock.

Q. What would be the result of removing the heather?

A. That the next time there was a storm of rain the loose soil would be carried away into the nearest valley.

Q. What is the next process?

A. That the bare rock then is all that is left.

Q. What, then, is to be done with the deer forests?

A. Nothing.

Q. But that will not serve my purpose. Can I make no use of them at all?

A. There is one thing.

Q. What is that?

A. You might cease to talk nonsense about them.

A COVENT GARDEN BALL

BY A BYSTANDER-ABOUT-TOWN

Highly Moral

The Bystander-About-Town made up his mind that it would be well to pay a visit to a Covent Garden Ball. He knew (or thought he did), like everybody else, the particular genus of this entertainment. But, he thought, the reputation of it may be unjust to its present nature. And so it is. A Covent Garden Ball is one of the few aggressively moral influences left in London. So far from being an incentive to immorality it seems to me to pay the most glowing tribute to austerity. For instance, when anyone complains to me, in the future, of the insipidity of a Sunday school dance, I shall reply: "Ah, but you should go to a Covent Garden Fancy Dress Ball." Thus do extremes meet, showing that unimaginative dissipation is just as dull as unimaginative sobriety.

Going Alone

I do not want to be unjust. I am sure that if any masculine reader took an amusing "fairy" with him and danced with her all the time, he would enjoy himself very much. The band is excellent, the floor perfect, and not at all crowded. But, then, it is not fair to judge any dance by the particular charm of a particular partner you take with you. To get an adequate impression of the characteristic personality of any entertainment you must go alone, as I did to Covent Garden the other night. Especially is this true of a thoroughly "Bohemian"—the adjective will serve, though inaccurate—function like a public Fancy Dress Ball. For these introductions neither are, nor should be, needed. You expect to make your friends on the spot.

Essentially Anglo-Saxon

Now, to be quite frank, why I disliked the Covent Garden Ball in question was because I did not like the "friends" I made. It is a depressing experience to engage a masked beauty in conversation and presently to hear her say: "Won't you stand me a bottle of champagne, dearie?" There is no romance about champagne in these circumstances. It is as much a part of a bargain as the socks I bought in Soho last week, and far less interesting. Indeed, for a while I abandoned the attempt at "making friends," and became very much a Bystander, or, to be more accurate, a bywalker. I paced up and down the promenade which surrounds the dancing-floor, reflecting on the astonishing *naïveté* of the Anglo-Saxon race. For a Covent Garden Ball is pre-eminently Anglo-Saxon. I am sure no Irishman goes there, because he has too great a sense of humour. Nor would the Welshman, who at least understands sensuality. And as for the Scotsman—well, entrance costs a guinea; I need say no more. No, I was undoubtedly in the midst of typical Englishmen, who, I verily believe, were, most of them, just as bored as I was, but who had made up their minds that they could not be, because, for once, they were not "being respectable." To help the illusion one or two became slightly, very slightly, intoxicated. Indeed, a more primitive collection of beings can never have been collected under one roof. Not a bit vicious, mind you, just slackly self-indulgent, all of them, girls and men, the particular species whom Dante abhorred so greatly.

"Do you Dance Queeck?"

Presently, however, I felt it was time to pull myself together. The band was playing a well-known "rag." I approached a really charming young person, and asked her to dance, she assenting not unamiably. "Do you dance queeck?" she inquired as I led her on to the floor. "I have no idea," I replied; "let's try and see." By her pronunciation I thought she might be French, but on inquiring received an indignant negative. We danced a little. "You do not dance 'queeck,'" she said. "Evidently," I answered; "why don't you go and find somebody else?" "I shall," she said, and did. To this hour I do not know what dancing "queeck" may be. But I know what going "queeck" is. In fact, I practised it immediately.

SIDE STEP

THE PIROUETTE

THE EGG STEP

"FINALE"

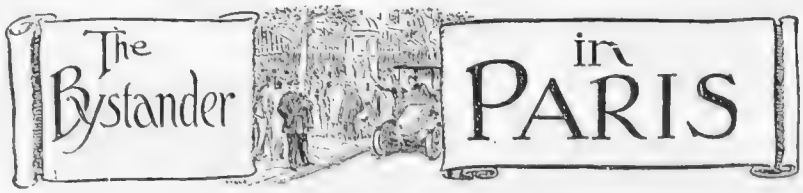
THE ALLEGED "TANGO" CRAZE

To judge from the newspapers, the whole of the nation is at present breathlessly practising or learning the "Tango." The fact that it has no fewer than 200 "steps" alone puts it out of our own special interest. We decline to make so terrible a business of what is supposed to be a pleasure, and we venture gravely to doubt whether our fellow-countrymen are not of the same sentiment. The "Tango" craze is, in short, an interested imposition. For those who wish to see it for themselves, there is a daily "Tango Tea" at the Queen's Theatre. Our photographs show M. Marquis and Miss Clayton in four of the positions

"Overweighted"

Never, perhaps, since the days of the later Roman Empire have women taken such a large place in the world's affairs as they do to-day. This state of things Mr. Walker has admirably depicted in allegorical style as above. Mere Man is entirely "overweighted," while Woman rejoices in her ascendancy; and Pan, with the cloven hoofs, smiles enigmatically

From the water-colour drawing by Mr. W. H. Walker, on exhibition at the Walker Galleries, Bond Street



A CANTATA IN ONE FLAT

Buying Furniture

Brown was unmistakably angry. There was a pink flush on his face, his hair was untidy, and he was expressing himself largely in French. These were unmistakable signs of annoyance. "Esker," he said, "esker je look like a thief? That's what I want to know, *moi!* *Oui, c'est un morceau sur l'épais côte*—a bit on the thick side—that's what it is." Which was more French in one gust than I ever remembered to have heard Brown talk before. "Why, in Leeds," he said, "in Leeds, lad, you can pay down a sovereign for fifty pounds' worth of furniture, and ten shillings a month to square the bill, and nobody thinks you want to pocket wardrobes without paying for them." "Ah, you've been buying furniture, have you?" I asked. "I'm beginning to think I've been trying to steal it," said Brown.

Language

Brown is moving into a Paris flat, and he is making a song about it, which accounts for the title of this little article. He is a very sensible fellow, is Brown, and does not, as a rule, expect to find Paris a replica of Leeds, but the beginnings of housekeeping are becoming a trial to his nerves. He has been here a couple of years now, but he has learned more French in the last two weeks than he ever learned before.

Gas

"*Avez vous*," he said the other afternoon, "*avez vous jamais* tried to get the gas put in, I ask you? I went up to an office, and I saw a man in uniform. '*Etes vous le concierge, ou qui le diable êtes vous*,' I asked him, because the beggar made no sign of wanting to do business. He talked a lot of French, and I said, 'Song swossant dooz Bullyvard Sang Germang, second floor, and I want the gas as quick as I can get it, see?' 'Ah,' he said, 'gas.' The man annoyed me, somehow. There was something so beastly calm and casual about his buttons. '*Oui*,' I said. 'Gas. What did you think I wanted to buy? Apples?' It didn't rattle him a bit. He brought out a yellow paper, and shoved it at me. "*Ecrivez là*," he said. 'Voter *nom, adresse*,' and a heap more things that I didn't listen to. I began to write, and the next minute the place was full of papers. Everything had to be written three times over, on three separate sheets of different colours, and you multiplied that by three to see what happened. I went on doing what he told me, scribbling away for dear life. 'Brown, John, Boulevard St. Germain, 172,' and a heap more stuff which I didn't understand. Not that that mattered, because I only had to fill in '*Oui*,' and '*Non*,' and things like that, and I put in '*Peut-être*' once on a green sheet of paper, just to show there was no ill-feeling.

Signing Papers

"I asked Buttons what all this paper was for, and he gassed a lot, which, of course, was quite in keeping. The lot I signed would keep me in fires for a week in the little flat I'm taking, if you burned it. I suppose they have to send the President of the Republic one set because gas in this country is a monopoly, like tobacco, and other things that burn up too quickly, and all the deputies get a set of papers each. Well, anyway, after working on those papers for an hour I thought I'd passed the examination at last, and felt as though I had won a scholarship. 'Quand esker I'm going to have the blooming gas now?' I said. '*Je suis dans un pressement*' (that was pure Brown for "in a hurry"). Buttons threw his hands up, and said '*Et voilà*,' and lots more. I kept my temper, and showed him a ten-franc piece. 'Voter si le gaz vient veet toot sweet,' I said. He grinned and I grinned, and we parted friends. That was a fortnight ago, and the gas hasn't come in yet. Another gentleman in buttons has called at the flat, though, and I've shown him the ten-franc piece as well, so I am hoping. The only thing that worries me really is that the coin will get worn too thin to be of any use, or that I shall have left Paris for good before I get the gas.

Regulations

"I had another school treat," said Brown, "when I went to see the landlord. I had seen the *concierge*, said I'd take the flat, given him two louis for himself to clinch the bargain, and got the address of the landlord's agent. 'Jerrong,' his name was." (*Gérant* is French for agent, but Brown does not talk Chateaubriand French yet.) "Jerrong was an old geeser in false teeth and white whiskers. He wasn't very anxious, either. He gave me a thick printed document to read. 'Nong,' I said. 'Par beswang. I don't want to be an executor to your will. J'ai beswang prenny flat, song swossant dooz, Bullyvard Sang Germang. Brown, John, *pas marié, 28 ans*,' and I was going on to tell him all the rest of it when he gave me the lease again. '*Signez là*,' he said. And I 'signied.' Then he began to tell me what I mustn't do. I mustn't have any children, or cats, or dogs, or parrots. I must always say 'Brown, John, 28 *ans, anglais, pas marié*,' and all the rest of it when I come in after twelve o'clock at night; I mustn't play the piano or sneeze after eleven o'clock, and I must live in the flat *bourgeoisement*. '*Oui*,' I said, '*avec plaisir, mais comment le diable faites vous cela?*' "Do what?" he asked. 'The *bourgeoisement* racket,' I explained. 'I'm in the silk business.'

The Paperhangers

"Well, he talked a bit, and I let him babble on, and he signed another copy of the will, and gave it to me, and bowed, and I bowed, and we shook hands, and I went. I had to go back and explain to him that I didn't mean 'Salop' really, but '*Salut*' when I said goodbye. That's one of the mistakes I always make, and people resent it, sometimes. But he was quite friendly about it, and told me that the wall-paper for the flat could be put in as I chose it. I'm a *locataire* now, and it's keeping me awake at night." "What paper have you got?" I asked. "*Got?*" said Brown. "Man, this is Paris! The paperhanger in this country is called a painter, and he's got the artistic temperament. He's been up to the flat (Brown, John, Song Swossant dooz Bullyvard Sang Germang, you

One of the Partners

IN THE LATEST ANGLO-GERMAN "COMBINE"

[Photograph] FRÄULEIN MARIANNE VON FRIEDLANDER-FULD [Kosel, Vienna

Only child and heir of Herr von Friedlander-Fuld, the Berlin "Coal King," who has recently become engaged to the Hon. John Freeman-Mitford, fourth son of Lord Redesdale. The "Coal King" is said to be worth some £5,000,000. Arrangements are being made whereby Mr. Freeman-Mitford, who has been in business for some time in Hamburg, will become a partner in his future father-in-law's firm

know), three or four times, with brushes, and size, and paper and stuff, he has dressed himself up in a little white suit with a paper cap, and a clay pipe, and he's been Song Germanging operatically in several keys by the hour together for weeks, but he hasn't hung any paper yet. I've taken to showing him the gasman's ten-franc piece, too, and he nods and grins and '*Oui, oui's*' about it, but I don't think he'll ever hang the paper really."

Furniture Troubles

"And the furniture?" I asked. "Well," said Brown, "I've got three saucepans, a bolster, and the promise of a gas-stove, so I'm thinking of moving in soon, but buying furniture on the hire system here makes you feel as though you were trying to rob a bank. I've had to give the people in the shop all the money I've got, the names and addresses of all my friends, and now they are making inquiries at the Embassy about me. With luck I shall be fully furnished by the time I want to leave Paris, and if I go away without paying I am sure the shop people will be pleased. That seems to be the only thing they expect. I told one man at the shop who spoke English that in England they sent the furniture in first and talked about it afterwards. 'Ah, yes,' he said, 'song doot (they make a song about *everything* in this country), but in Angleterre you are a little brutal and direct in your methods, *n'est ce pas?*'" JOHN N. RAPHAEL

The Bystander IN BERLIN

ART BREAKS THE HEART

Im-memorial Troubles

Wilhelm the Second is in trouble with his artists. For the twentieth time. Once it was for making the Sieges-Allee; another time for saying "the art which departs from my art principles is no art at all"; next for meddling in the Opera House plans; next for decorating with an order which is usually given to postmen the learned professor who designed the Leipzig Battle Monument (which looks like a monument to Attila). And now, for the twentieth time, for his solution of the great Washington Embassy House Question.

Wilhelm Intervenes

In this case Wilhelmstrasse proposed and Wilhelm (without the Strasse) disposed. Wilhelmstrasse (that is, the Foreign Office) arranged a great architects' competition for the best Embassy House; and a hundred brilliant (and infamous) architects set to work, and produced brilliant (and infamous) designs. Wilhelmstrasse (without the Wilhelm) promised that the best designer would get the very profitable job. To ensure impartiality, as usual, the designs bore no names. Wilhelmstrasse examined them, and chose the most brilliant (or most infamous). The winning architect rejoiced. All the beaten architects prepared, in customary way, to assail the victim, and prove him an ignoramus and ass. But they had no time. While Wilhelmstrasse was thinking, Wilhelm (without the Strasse) was acting. He simply took up a design by his Court Architect, Herr Prof. Ihne, which had not been in the competition, and said that this design had won.

Photograph *Haeckel*

THE ARCHDUKE FRANZ FERDINAND

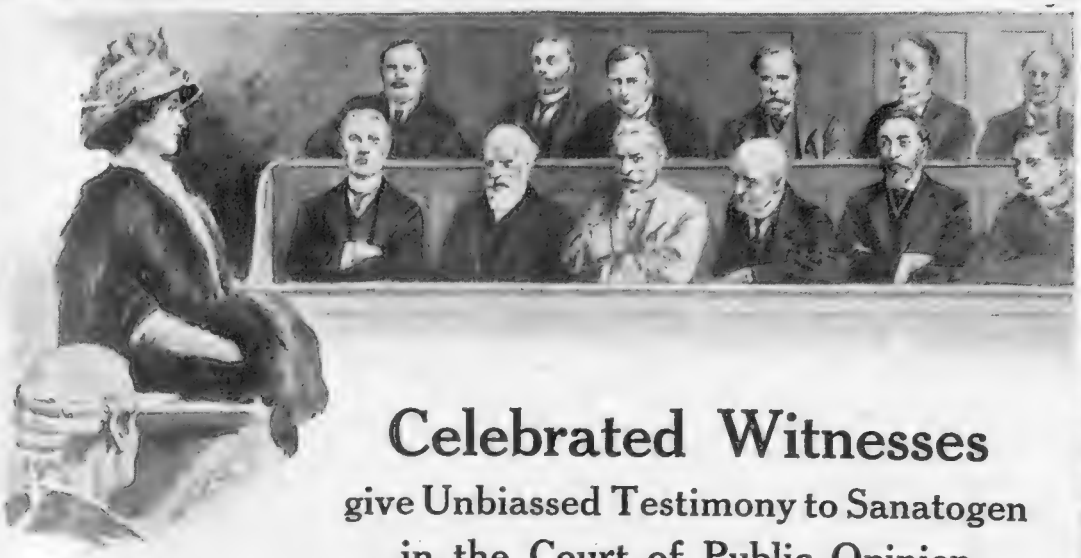
Heir to the Austrian throne, at a shoot given in his honour by the Kaiser (who is seen on the left of the photograph), with whom he has lately been staying. Excellent sport was enjoyed, and amongst the bag was a wild sheep. We sincerely trust that it was really a wild one!

A Vitriolic Feud

Naturally, since German art matters lead to feuds even when there is no cause, this affair which did give cause, has led to a vitriolic feud. Several hundred architects had worn their pencils stubby and their midnight candles short, for weeks and months, preparing their brilliant (and infamous) designs. And Wilhelmstrasse (without the Wilhelm) had promised solemnly that one of them would get the job. And then down comes Wilhelm (without the Wilhelmstrasse), and says: "Clear out all of you; my own Court Architect has won." "That is scandalous," say the non-Court Architects. "We were promised the job. Our drawings were anonymous; that ensured impartiality whereas Herr Professor Ihne simply showed his to the Kaiser; and got it taken. That is non-colleagueal. And they met and passed a resolution of violent protest; and have summoned a public meeting to meet and pass a protest more violent still. Also, "In the Reichstag . . ." they threaten. "The Reichstag has the right to strike the Embassy House vote from the estimates. . . . The Representatives of the People. . . . The liberty of Art. . . ."

Where Wilhelm Differs

Wilhelmstrasse is much perturbed; but Wilhelm (without the Strasse) is not. The fault of the hundred odd competing architects is that they are all scandalously original; and His Majesty hates "revolutionary" art whether in the Secession Gallery, or



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This statement, and particularly the words underlined, explain why it is that so many distinguished people have come forward, of their own free will, to give public evidence on behalf of Sanatogen.

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But these distinguished people determined to give Sanatogen a fair trial, and how soon their scepticism changed to enthusiasm, as yours will when once you have tested Sanatogen.

Like thousands of others, you will realise that Sanatogen does really have a "wonderfully restorative effect," making you definitely healthier, stronger, and more vigorous.

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"There is no better invigorator."

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Typical Evidence by Celebrities.

SIR CHARLES A. CAMERON, C.B., M.D., Public Analyst for Dublin, etc., writes:—

"*Sanatogen is an excellent nerve food, containing a large amount of organic phosphorus in the form in which it can be easily absorbed.*"

Charles A Cameron

SIR FREDERICK MILNER, one of His Majesty's Privy Councillors, says:—

"*Sir Frederick Milner was much run down when he took Sanatogen, and it certainly proved successful. It seems both to nourish and give strength.*"

F. Milner

MR. HENRY ARTHUR JONES, author of so many famous plays, writes:—

"*Sanatogen is a very valuable food and nerve tonic. I have several times taken a course of it when run down, and always with good results.*"

Henry Arthur Jones

in Heinrich Heine, or in the Leipzig Battle Monument (hence the postman's decoration). The German architect's notion of a fine building is a building that is like nothing else; and the Kaiser's notion is a building that is like some other building. That is why the Kaiser wants his Opera House in conservative classical Schinkel style; while all the architects want it in Assyrio-masso-bull-neck-sham-archaic style—a cross between the Leipzig Battle Monument and the breech of an eight-inch howitzer.

Eternal Strife

Germans love to fight about art. When any art project, monument, statue, or public building, comes up all the artists write pamphlets against one another, and call one another names; so that libel actions, processes for *Beleidigung*, that is, are the chief result. For years the Empire has been trying to construct (cost £150,000) a mighty Bismarck Monument at Bingen, on the Rhine, and the only result so far is a speech by Herr Bethmann-Hollweg, twenty pamphlets proving that certain architects are knaves and fools, and a handful of actions for *Beleidigung*. And the glorious Secession! The Secession Gallery lasted thirteen years; and fought furious feuds (with numerous libel actions) against the academic Grand Berlin Academy (which is a sort of Burlington House); and now the Secession has itself fallen in two parts; and angry Secessionist painters' letters are flying about the Press; and libel actions are being begun by angry Seccessionist artists against other Secessionist artists who are no less angry.

A Casus Belli

Only on art do Germans fight. Their politics are tame. Really grave questions like Home Rule, or High Food-(for Pheasants)-Prices leave them cold. But if one architect set a flat-nosed wrestler on a *façade* which another architect thinks should have a sinuous nymph, then eyes flash, words fly out, and actions for *Beleidigung* turn lawyers into millionaires. And now the hundred odd architect competitors have got their nails into the Kaiser's neck. Metaphorically. And would like to have their nails in his coffin.

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

HOW embarrassing these offers to the Government of deer forests are getting. We understand that Mr. Lloyd George has approached a large number of small-holders on the subject of establishing a Deer-milking Co-operative Society in these parts without success, and even the idea of settling a lot of heather-ranchers there (who would supply the London market with heather) is not gaining adherents.

* * *

"Parrot Saves a London Family" stared at us from a *Pall Mall Gazette* poster last week. We hoped at first that the intelligent bird had saved the London family from the pit of Free Trade—by constant iteration of the words "Tariff Reform"—but it turned out that it had only raised an alarm of fire.

* * *

The new Lord Mayor is stated by a reporter to have said: "It will be interesting to have one's remarks reported as often as a Cabinet Minister." May we warn Sir Thomas that the intensity of the interest will depend—partly, at least—upon the value of the remarks?

* * *

That frigidity which even the friends of the Prime Minister complain of in him was very noticeable during the attack made upon him last week by Suffragettes. "Though covered with red pepper," says a contemporary, "Mr. Asquith remained quite cool."

* * *

Pacificists are delighted to hear that a German General has been entrusted with the re-organisation of the Turkish Army. This means—they say—that Germany will do all in her power to keep Turkey at peace, since another war—with a further exposure of German military tactics—would be disastrous.

EVIDENTLY the Kaiser has refused to lend a German General to Miss Sylvia Pankhurst for the organisation of the Suffragette army, the leadership of which has been assigned to Sir Francis Vane. We wish Sir Francis all success in training his mixed recruits to . . . "Hobble by the left! Present Pepper! Fire!"

* * *

"Look out! It is no joke," says Miss Pankhurst of her budding army. Isn't this just a little like dictating terms to an as yet unbeaten enemy?

* * *

An American has wooed and won—over the telephone—(an American telephone)—a lady—(an American lady)—whom he had never set eyes on, but whose voice, as it buzzed through, he fell in love with. It is nothing short of a crying scandal that such a romance would be impossible to bring off in England, owing to the state of our telephone service.

* * *

In any case we fancy it would be impossible. Apart from the risks of being cut off in the middle of the proposal, the lady would be certain to say: "Are you there? I mean, quite all there?"

* * *

Mlle. Gaby Deslys thinks of taking with her to New York and acting there the Vicar of Brixton's little play, called *Should a Woman Tell?* Presumably it is more to her taste than that other little drama in which she recently took part, and which might have been called "Should a Bishop Tell?"

* * *

According to a contemporary, a new mode has lately been started in Paris for decorating the inside of closed motor-cars with tiny, but exquisite, oil-paintings. This seems an extension of our own proposal that some of the Tate Gallery pictures should be used to decorate the insides of our motor-omnibuses.

BUCHANAN'S
SCOTCH WHISKIES

David Copperfield and Mr. Micawber

"We walked to our house, as I suppose I must now call it, together; Mr. Micawber impressing the names of the streets, and the shapes of the houses upon me, as we went along, that I might find my way back easily, in the morning."

The great and increasing popularity of Buchanan's Whiskies at home and all over the world is evidence of the high standard of quality they have always maintained. The stocks of whisky maturing in Bond held by them and their subsidiary companies are the largest in Scotland. Additions to these stocks are constantly being made, thus guaranteeing the superior excellence of their brands.

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48/- per doz.	*54/- per doz.*	*60/- per doz.*

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Arnold Bennett and Three Books

Mr. Arnold Bennett has no fewer than three books to his credit this Autumn. In some people this would be a literary crime, but Mr. Bennett is not to be judged by ordinary standards. We accept what he gives us and prepare to enjoy ourselves. *The Regent* (Methuen: 6*s.*) is a continuation of that amusing novel *The Card*. Alderman Machin, most persuasive of heroes, comes to London from the five Towns and for want of something better to do builds a theatre for himself. He astounds his first night's audience, and goes to New York, and engages a Suffragette and generally enjoys himself in his own light-hearted way. And so, I have not the least doubt, will every one of his readers. Then there is *The Plain Man and His Wife* (Hodder and Stoughton: 2*s.* 6*d.* net), one of those pocket philosophies which may be recommended to all sorts and conditions of people, whether married or single, who are willing to be told about themselves. I would quarrel, however, with Mr. Bennett for daring to call himself a "plain man." He may rightly object to being dubbed genius, which, as everybody knows, is a gross word meaning very little indeed, but he is not a "plain man," and I defy him to prove it.

MR. ARNOLD BENNETT

Whose three new books, "The Regent," "The Plain Man and His Wife," and "Paris Nights," are reviewed on this page

(*From "The Bystander" Cartoon by "Max"*)

"Paris Nights"

Finally there is the sumptuous *Paris Nights* (Hodder and Stoughton: 12*s.* net), which I have just read with the keenest delight. Everything is unexpected about this book, including its price. (Where is the usual sixpence after the twelve shillings?) The text is unexpected because Mr. Bennett in speaking of places or people has a knack of telling you what you want to know and omitting all those unnecessary details which one has come to expect from writers with powers of description. The Paris Nights themselves embrace the personal record of the "little Bennett"—they actually called him the "little Bennett" in Paris!—who lives for so many years in France. But there are also reminiscences of England and Italy. The most amusing of these concerns the author's adventures in Monte Carlo. Mr. Bennett went into the "rooms," I need hardly say, in his rôle as a novelist. (That, as he tells us, is the best of being a novelist—you can do so many things that you want to without appearing vicious or unduly selfish.) But once in the rooms, the most terrible thing happened, and for a short while he earned money at a speedier rate than he earns it even from Milestones and things of that kind. But in addition to the text, there are nearly fifty illustrations by E. A. Richards, and everyone of these illustrations is almost as unexpected as the text it accompanies. They are fragile, wayward wisps of pictures, sometimes no more than a few faint lines struggling into existence towards the centre of a faun-coloured page. But they are entirely satisfactory and just a little haunting, and together with the text make up what to my mind must be the ideal gift for next month.

A Fine School Story

Mr. Charles Turley is an old hand at writing a school story, and one opens a new book of his with the keenest anticipation. Nor is *A Band of Brothers* (Heinemann: 6*s.*) in the least disappointing. I really consider it to be about the cleanest and healthiest and most interesting school story published for a very long while. His hero is Joe Rumbold, the modest possessor of four elder brothers, known either by initials or by nicknames throughout England, who have collectively managed to fill a room in their father's house with the medals and pots they have won. But Joe, to his father's disgust, is not so outrageously wrapped up in athletics as are his brothers. He has the temerity to work, even though he is a member of Max's house, and Max cares not a straw for anything but muscles and athletic successes. When Joe, however, wins his Balliol scholarship, things have changed a little at Granby, and one takes leave of him and of Granby with regret. Max is splendidly described. Ormsby, Joe's friend, is just the friend you want him to have, and Mr. Rumbold's peculiarities are not in the least tinged with caricature. I cannot doubt for a moment that *A Band of Brothers* will have a great success. Mr. Turley's boys are not the neurotic, self-conscious old gentlemen obsessed by the magnitude of there woes, whom some writers of modern school stories would make them out to be.

RALPH STRAUS

A Child's Day & Night Nursery

Graciously Designed by H.M. Queen Alexandra.

Described in "The Tatler" of October 8th, 1913, as follows:—

"Of course the great thing at the Ideal Home Exhibition was Her Majesty Queen Alexandra's Nursery. This was, as it were, the *pièce de résistance*. The tendency of so many people when thinking of Royalty is to put a throne or state-coach in the foreground. Consequently, Queens never seem so lovable as when they interest themselves in humble, everyday affairs.

"It was a very lovely nursery with the design and furnishings of which the Queen-Mother had so graciously concerned herself. For it was undeniably a children's room. As a rule grown-ups mean well, but they lack understanding. They forget how monstrously large things seem to people who are quite small. But in these most perfect nursery rooms—a combined day and night nursery with bath and dressing room adjoining—the child's sense of proportion was never overwhelming.

"Everything was built and planned to special measurements. The picture frieze on the wall did not vanish into space; it ran all round the room at just the proper height for a child to see it easily. Jolly pictures they were, too. It was market day; a hay-cart groaned along the road drawn by two white horses. Grannie drove a flock of geese which waddled absurdly. A man with a pig walked just in front of a farmer in a first-rate dog-cart—all very entertaining. A delightful combination of charm, simplicity and common-sense pervaded this nursery. The firm that executed the design—Messrs. Waring & Gillow—had shown rare sympathy in dealing with the subject. A child's mind was understood—no easy matter. Queen Alexandra's Nursery was ideal, and great satisfaction was expressed by the numbers who thronged around when they heard that Her Majesty Queen Alexandra had graciously allowed the room to be exhibited at Messrs. Waring & Gillow's Oxford Street Galleries, and that they would have a further opportunity of seeing the Nursery."

*There is a Restaurant and Rest Room for Ladies on the Third Floor of Waring and Gillow's Galleries in Oxford Street.

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The Defunct Amateur International

It is somewhat in the nature of flogging a dead horse to write about the defunct International Match. But I have felt constrained to do so by something that Mr. Hilton recently wrote on the subject. As is well-known, Mr. Hilton takes a keen interest in this vanished fixture, and made a great effort to get it resuscitated this year. He elicited a great many favourable opinions from players who had taken part in the match, but in spite of this nothing came of the movement. When I was at St. Andrews during the Amateur Championship I never heard the match mentioned nor a single regret expressed that it was no longer played. It was felt, I think, that it was not wanted any longer, or, at any rate, that it was out of place at the Amateur Championship meeting. In a sense golf has outgrown this form of International Match, for nowadays there are scores of leading Scottish players who are identified with English clubs, while in the summer hordes of English players overrun the Scottish courses. There is, therefore, no hard and fast line between the two sections, and the old feeling of jealousy which prevailed to some extent when first English golf and golfers came to the front has practically vanished.

The "Spurs" Myth

The argument that the match gave a fine opportunity to young players for winning their spurs is not sound except in theory, for, as a matter of fact, during the ten years which it was played there are very few instances of young untried players being given a place in either team. Mr. Hooman is one of the few exceptions, and I doubt whether he would have been chosen but for his brilliant play in the 'Varsity match at Hoylake in 1910, the year when he subsequently was chosen for England. The proper arena for the winning of spurs by the young player who has established a local reputation is the Amateur Championship.

Blame Not the Scribe

I am not now going into the history of the International Match, but all those who have attended the Amateur Championship meetings of the years 1902 to 1912 will bear me out when I say that it gradually, but surely, lost interest for players and public alike, and that great relief was felt when it was gently, but firmly, put out of pain and ceased to find a place in the fixture list. But there is one passage in Mr. Hilton's article which does not do justice either to himself or to his subject. Speaking of the reasons militating against the continuance of the match he says "to these was added a marked lack of enthusiasm and energy on the part of the officials who were entrusted with the management, and a degree of hostile criticism from a section of the Press, which was, perhaps, not altogether prompted by an interest in the future welfare of the game." The officials are well able to fight their own battle if they care to take up this challenge and deny the truth of this allegation against them, but I am concerned to repel the assault on the Press and the ungenerous words in which the attack is couched. What possible axe can the Press have had to grind in this matter? If anything, they lost by the disappearance of the match, for if it did nothing else, it at least provided them with an opportunity of extra copy. Further, I do not see that the welfare of the game was in any degree involved in the continuance of this unhappy match. The Press only did its duty when it emphasised the obvious fact that the match had no vitality left in it, and that it was best and kindest to put an end to it.

ERNEST LEHMANN

"THIS FOR IT!"

We have had Golfer v. Archer and Golfer v. Angler. It would be extremely interesting if a similar match could be arranged between a leading golfer and the present marbles champion, who, we imagine, could be trusted to hole out the "blood alley" from anywhere on the green

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Some handsome Cars at Olympia.

The following are samples of what we will exhibit—for sale.

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All the above are 1914 models, and will be equipped complete, ready for the road. All of them are for sale, to be delivered at the close of the Olympia Exhibition.

Write for full specifications.

White-Coleman Motors Limited.

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Ready in a moment with Hot or Cold Water only.
NO ADDED MILK OR COOKING REQUIRED.
SERVED IN HOTELS, RESTAURANTS, CAFÉS, AND CLUB HOUSES.

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A delicious food confection to be dissolved in the mouth, containing all the beneficial qualities of Horlick's in powder form.

Of all Chemists and Stores in Sterilised Glass Bottles at **1/6, 2/6,** and **11/-.**
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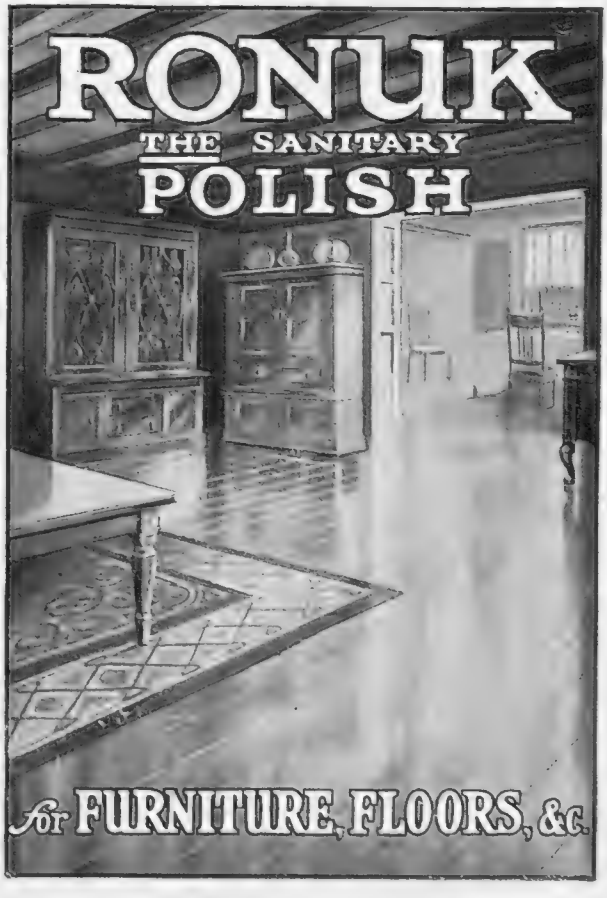

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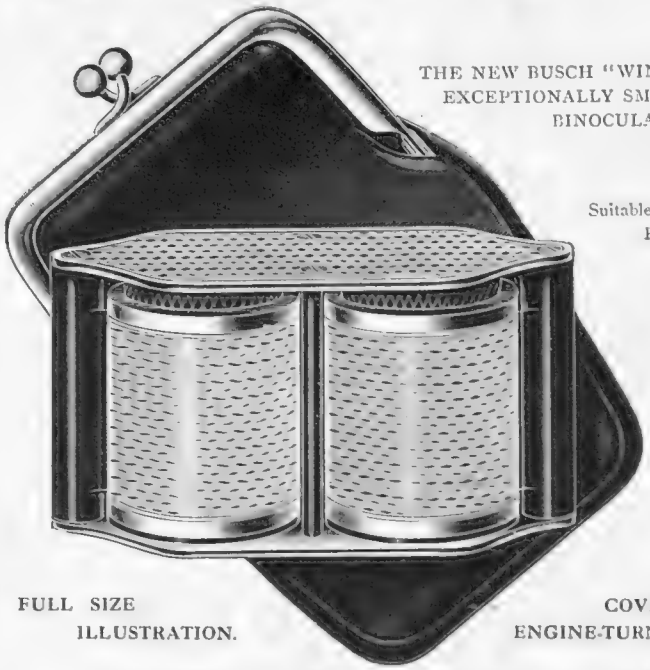

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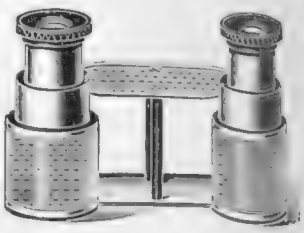

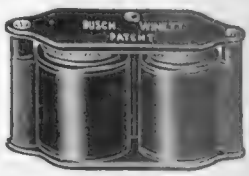

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THIS BOX CONTAINS THE CURE FOR YOUR

RHEUMATISM, GOUT, SCIATICA, OR NEURITIS.

Dr. JULES FROMBERG'S Famous Joint-Easing Preparation for Outward Use. Write at once for Special Sample Treatment.

To-day you can secure a special sample treatment for the cure of Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, or Neuritis.

Dr. Jules Fromberg discovered the most effective of all treatments for these crippling and painful complaints. Throughout France and Belgium amongst sufferers from Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, or Neuritis, "Jules Fromberg's Joint Preparation" is a name that means sure-ease from the suffering entailed by these complaints.

IT CURES THROUGH THE JOINTS.

Every sufferer from Rheumatism and Gout knows how these complaints "settle" in the joints.

Wherever there is a joint the blood-vessels are cramped or crowded together. They literally become "bottle-necks," and Rheumatic and Gouty deposits, instead of moving on, accumulate in the joints in much the same way as sand silts up at the bend of a river.

HOW THE PREPARATION FREES THE JOINTS.

First it penetrates the thin skin walls and acts like an ointment upon the inflamed blood-vessels, nerves and tissues. Next it lubricates the deposits, taking away their sharpness. Thirdly, it so softens and liquefies the deposits as to enable the blood to pass them on and out of the system through the ordinary channels of elimination.

The Rheumatic and Gouty deposits cause the joints to become stiff, swollen, hot and painful, and cake together like cement. Dr. Jules Fromberg discovered a Joint Preparation that softens, dissolves and drives away these deposits, freeing the place from stiffness, inflammation, swelling and pain. A large sample supply can now be had for 1s.

Illustration shows leg with Rheumatic and Gouty deposits, and also depicts leg restored to health after using Fromberg's Joint Preparation. The same condition and happy result applies to toe and ankle joints, hip, shoulder and finger joints.

Example of Grateful Letters received Daily from both Rich and Poor.

16, St. Philip's Road, Surbiton, Oct. 8, 1913.

Sir John Blunt encloses a P.O. for 1s. and will feel obliged by the Midland Drug Company sending him a large pot of the joint ointment.

Sir John has used three small pots, which have entirely cured very bad rheumatism in both knees. It was so bad that he could not walk upstairs without great difficulty, and he is now able to do so without the least pain in the joints.

The Midland Drug Company, Nottingham.

Instant Relief.

39, Raleigh Road, West Kensington, London. Sept. 15, 1913.

Mr. V. A. Hearn has suffered for over twelve months from a stiff joint in one of his big toes. Seeing your advertisement in a daily paper, tried a sample tin. He can honestly say the wonderful preparation gave him instant relief.

Mr. Hearn wishes you to forward him a large size jar, and encloses postal order for 4s. 6d.

HOW TO USE THE "JOINT PREPARATION."

Simply rub it well into the skin all over and round the affected part. The heat, swelling and pain will quickly die away. The joint will become "free" as if by magic, and after a good night's rest you will be able to use the joint quite freely and without pain. So useful a remedy should be in every home. Used in time—when the stiffness, swelling, or heat is first noticed—it will drive away the attack and save much suffering.

So wonderful is this "Joint Preparation" that it has been decided to supply every sufferer with a good quantity. Hence readers of this journal may secure a *good size box post free for only 1s.* by sending P.O. to Midland Drug Co. (Dept. 42), Nottingham.

DR FROMBERG'S JOINT PREPARATION

FOR OUTWARD USE

SAMPLE TREATMENT . 1/-

1/- Samples only from Midland Drug Company (Dept. 42), Nottingham.

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SPECIAL TREATMENT COUPON—"BYSTANDER."

To the MIDLAND DRUG CO. (Dept. 42), Nottingham.

I accept your offer of a special sample box of "Dr. Jules Fromberg's Joint Preparation," and enclose P.O. for 1s.—the special price. Post to

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BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

The Use of Athletics

A ROMANCE—WITH A MORAL

[Though we have editorially opposed the Olympic Fund, we have no hesitation in giving the other side of the case, as tastefully presented in the following story.—EDITOR.]

DOWN the long, straight, frosty country lane dashed the pony-trap Down it dashed towards the sharp corner and the high stone wall of the park which began at the turn. Daisy was driving—or, rather, had been until the pony—the new pony her father had bought her for a birthday present—relieved her of all responsibility. To-day was that birthday, and, as the pony dashed towards the aforementioned wall (which came nearer to them with every yard that they got nearer to it) she had the horrid fear that it was also to be her death-day.

Stop it she could not: to jump she was afraid. On, on they dashed, down, down went Daisy's hopes of salvation. Nothing but the miraculous appearance round the corner of a strong, brave man could save her life, and strong brave men, where they exist at all in these decadent days, don't as a rule, miraculously appear round sharp corners of country lanes.

The road was one which lay between Rockdale Park, Daisy's home, and the village of the same name, and between the last house in the village—the Vicarage—and the park, there was no house of any kind.

Nearer, nearer to the fatal wall. And it was her birthday! Surely, Daisy thought, as she vainly tugged at the reins, the Fates could not intend her to die on such a day—she so young, so pretty, so notoriously clever and plucky and amusing—and in such a fashion! Yet unless the Fates hurried up, there looked no chance of anything else.

Always, always she looked forward, never back. For one thing, she was so much more immediately interested in what was before than behind her: there lay the prospect of death: there, also, the hope of life. For the strong, brave man, even if miraculously *behind* her, could not, by anything short of a miracle, catch her up—at least, so she naturally supposed.

As they neared the wall, she felt her nerves to be giving way, and, dropping the reins, fell back in a faint in the seat of the trap. . . . When she recovered consciousness she was lying on the grass a little beyond the corner: bending over her was the lodge-keeper's wife with a brandy flask, her husband standing at attention behind. Bobbin stood immediately in front of the wall, alive and intact, unconcernedly munching grass as though nothing had happened.

"Did he stop of his own accord—or what?" Daisy asked, when she had pulled herself together.

"It's a mercy he did stop, miss . . . though it isn't for me to say what made him. We're only too glad to have brought the brandy in time to get you round. You've somebody *else* to thank for savin' your life."

"Somebody else?" she repeated, looking to right and left and seeing nobody but Mrs. Phipps and her husband. But she felt too unwell to press the question, she got up and walked into the park towards the Hall.

. . . . .

"Bobbin bolted," she vouchsafed, when she got in, to her horrified father, Lord Rockdale, "just as we were passing the Vicarage. Pulled up just at the corner, or I should have been in kingdom-come."

"My poor child," said the Squire. "What a miraculous delivery."

"Yes, it was miraculous." Breakfast was ready, and she sat down. "Absolutely miraculous; Mrs. Phipps said I'd 'somebody else' to thank."

The fish was served in mystified silence.

"Somebody else?" asked the Squire.

"Yes. But there was nobody in sight. I looked everywhere. Besides, how could anybody have been *behind* a runaway pony unless he was in a motor-car or something going faster, and I say there was nobody."

"My child," said the Squire. "It is possible that by 'Somebody Else,' Mrs. Phipps meant Providence."

"I think," said Lady Rockdale—a young-looking Society woman, not noted for respectfulness towards religion or anything else, "that it is only proper to assume so, and in future to go much more regularly to church. We must ask the Vicar and his wife to lunch this very day. It seems the right thing to do."

"Mr. Burbridge certainly ought to know of the matter," said the Squire. "And what is more, we ought to signalise our gratitude by some gift to charity. Is there any disaster fund going on in the papers just now, Lydia?"

Lady Rockdale opened the *Daily Mail*.

"Only the Talent Fund," she said; "Westminster's affair. The—er—Olympic Games."

Lord Rockdale shook his head.

"I fail," he said, "to see that Providence would be grateful for assistance rendered through the Duke of Westminster to a cause which has little to do with religion or philanthropy."

"The Olympic Games?" asked.

(All rights strictly reserved)

Daisy. "Running and jumping, and all that sort of thing?"

"And throwing javelins," said Lord Rockdale. "Much better teach fellows to use guns. As for running and jumping, what's the good of those things in these days of motoring and flight, I don't know. Utterly useless. No, I shall not help Westminster."

"We must consult the Vicar," said Lady Rockdale. "I will ring him up on the telephone. Saunders, call up the Vicarage!" she said, and on the sound of a responsive tinkle, she got up.

When she came back she reported that the Vicar and his wife were coming to lunch, and also their younger son, who was just down from Cambridge.

"That boy!" said Daisy rather contemptuously. "Well, I suppose, under the circumstances, we shall have to be agreeable to them."

"It would be most ungrateful not to," said her ladyship. "They are the representatives of the Power to which you owe your life, Daisy."

. . . . .

At luncheon Lord Rockdale insisted on his daughter describing in exact detail what had happened that morning. The Vicar accepted the story with a polite bow, and the platitudinous remark that the hand of Providence is in everything.

"I saw you approach this morning," he added, "little dreaming that such a terrible experience was before you. Where were *you*, Algernon?" he asked his son—a fresh-looking youth of twenty, with bright intelligent eyes.

"Can't exactly say," he said, dropping his eyes. "Rotten thing to have happened, Miss Randall (that was the Rockdale's family name). I *might* have been in the garden. I was up early."

"Thank you," said Daisy, with forced geniality—she did not care for college boys, as a rule; and always rather liked snubbing them—"though if you had, I don't quite see how even you could have helped things."

"Suppose not," he added. "Still——." And he relapsed into silence, with what looked strangely like a smile on his lips.

"We decided," resumed Lord Rockdale to the Vicar, "that some contribution to charity ought to be made on this occasion, and thought it only proper to ask your advice."

The Rev. Mr. Burbridge beamed.

"But you know, Lord Rockdale, as well as I do, what are our *local* charities and how they stand in need of help."

"I thought on this occasion it should be something National, and the only fund at present in the Press seems to be the Olympic Games Fund. Both I and Daisy agreed that the advantages of the Olympic Games are doubtful, and we wanted your opinion. Is it to the good of the people of England that our youth should run and jump and do things of that sort?"

"It used," said the Vicar, "to be thought good that men should be able to do all things that may become a man, and I suppose God gave us our limbs to use them. I can *imagine* circumstances in which, even in these days of mechanism, a good pair of legs and a strong pair of arms might be used in emergency to the greatest possible advantage. Can you not yourself, Miss Randall?"

"I?" asked Daisy. "Why I daresay I can. But . . . I don't understand. . . . You don't mean . . .?"

"I mean," said the Vicar, "that, however little the cause of athletics may appeal to the British public at large, it ought to appeal to you—and to Lord Rockdale. A thousand pounds from him at the present moment might set the ball rolling for further subscriptions."

There was dead silence among the company.

"A thousand pounds?" asked his Lordship, "to the Olympic Fund!"

"Yes," said the Vicar, with deliberation, adding, after an impressive pause, "for were it not that Algernon happens to be in training for these despised Olympic Games, and to have a swift pair of legs, he might not have been up quite so early this morning, and able to overtake your daughter and grip her pony's head in time to stop it from dashing into the wall."

"Algernon! You, Mr. Burbridge?"

The boy, blushing furiously, but still smiling, hung his head.

"I don't know how to thank you. . . ."

"God first, please, Miss Randall," said the Vicar.

"Of course," she said, "for sending your son to my help, But, and why and *how*, came He to take you away again after you had done it?"

"Well, by the time I'd lifted you down, and got Mrs. Phipps with the brandy flask, I thought I'd done my share of the thing, and as I hate being thanked, I asked them not to say who it was, and got back home again as quickly as I'd come. I didn't know the pater was going to bring it up like this, but, still, if Lord Rochdale does think there's anything in athletics——"

. . . . .

In the course of a few days the Olympic Fund was suddenly and unexpectedly increased by a four-figure contribution in the name of Lord Rockdale, and everybody is wondering why that worthy nobleman should have chosen this particular means of disposing of money he might have spent to advantage on his estate.

Daisy—by Algernon's special request—in the very un-Olympic walks they take together in and around the Park, no longer thanks him for having saved her life, but has promised, if he does something to retrieve England's honour in Berlin in 1916, that she may allow him to keep it.

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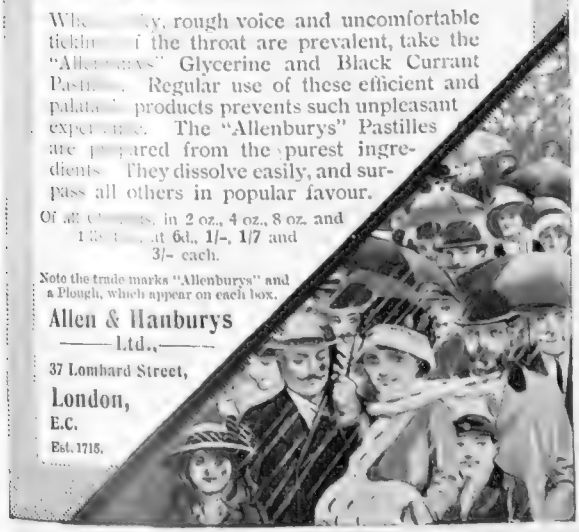

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The Progress of Army "Rugger"

THE ARMY v. RICHMOND: A PASSING RUN BY THE ARMY FRUSTRATED BY GOOD TACKLING

The Army won their first match of the season at Richmond last Saturday by 2 goals and 2 tries to a dropped goal. In the illustration the man who is being tackled has received the ball from H. Gardner, the Army stand-off half back, who is on the ground to the left with his tackler, H. G. Oglethorpe, the Richmond captain, beside him

Where the Navy Scores

Since the institution of the annual Rugby football match between the Army and the Navy at Queen's Club, "Rugger" in the Services has gone ahead by leaps and bounds. And the great beauty about football as played by the officers of our soldier and sailor men is—as might be expected—that it is football of the right kind. It is, in fact, 'Varsity and public school football under another name, the football to which that homely, but expressive, epithet "clean" can be applied with perfect propriety. In their friendly battles at Queen's the Navy have so far done best. One reason for this is that the United Services team, which is one of the strongest club sides in the South of England, is composed mainly of officers of the senior service, the reason for this, again, being that the United Services Club has its headquarters at Portsmouth. The United Services Club, in consequence, forms the nucleus of the Navy team, and so it comes about that the Navy, when it takes the field against the Army, starts with this advantage that a fair percentage of its members have played together before. The Army have not been wholly bereft of a similar advantage, for its team generally contains a leaven, at any rate, of Scotsmen who also play for the London Scottish. Still, on the whole, the Navy may be taken to have had the pull hitherto in the matter of that very essential thing—combination.

Army Activity

The obvious thing for the Army to do was (to borrow a nautical phrase) to make up their leeway, and Captain Rainsford Hannay, the hon. secretary, and Captain W. S. D. Craven, last year's captain of the side, proceeded at once to see to it. Last season several trial matches against sides, such as the Harlequins and the London Scottish, capable of putting the Army team through a pretty severe mill were instituted, and this year the same policy is being carried out on an extended scale. Last Wednesday Richmond, who do not ordinarily lay themselves out for mid-week matches when not on tour, rose to the occasion, and put on a team, which was not very far short of their best, against the soldiers for their first trial run. Behind the scrummage the Army had a distinct pull, and in it the extra weight of the Army pack told in the long run, although the Richmond forwards, who are also a very useful eight, fairly held their own for more than half the time. It was a good game, and the result, a win for the Army by two goals and two tries to a dropped goal, should put the soldier men on good terms with themselves.

H. S. S.

THE ARMY'S FIRST TRY

This was scored by C. R. M. Hutchison, the left centre three-quarter, who cleverly intercepted a Richmond pass and ran in "all on his own"

RACING: Derby and Newbury. By CARBINE

Yet Another!

Of course, we had another turn-up in the Liverpool Cup last week. If a soundly backed favourite proved successful in one of these big races I really believe that the bookmakers would resent it as a personal grievance, so accustomed have they become to having the better of the argument with backers in the chief events. Superstitious punters now come to regard it as a question not of luck, but of fate. They remind you that the present year has "13" in it—hence the appalling sequence of disasters to popular favourites. Fortunately things have not been so bad in the minor races, and racegoers who follow these notes will have had such useful winners as Elgon and The Babe to help them along last week.

The Cup at Derby

On Thursday the Derby Cup, one of the few remaining good handicaps of the flat-racing season, is an attractive affair. I have marked off a few of the likely runners who should be prominent, but I suppose with the perversity which has attached itself to this type of race this season we shall see an undreamed-of outsider get his head in front at the end. You cannot leave Wagstaff out of the reckoning, and I shall expect him to beat horses which ran with him in the Cesarewitch. Aurette will run well if she has quite shaken off her recent illness, but doubt on that point impels me to leave her out. Covert Side is an undoubted danger if he can show the same form as he did at York, while I should certainly be inclined to keep Alec Taylor's selected on my side. Bringing these views into a smaller compass, I take **Wagstaff** as my selection, with COVERT SIDE as a second string. The Osmaston Nursery on Wednesday may be won by **Screamer** and the Chatsworth Plate on the same day by **Orbino.** On the following afternoon **Voldy** may take the Friary Nursery.

Hints for Newbury

We shall have some capital racing at the end of the week at Newbury, where, as a matter of fact, the sport is invariably good. I hope we shall see **Fairy King** and Florist in opposition in the Ormonde Stakes on Friday, and my preference will be with the former if he is now quite free from foot trouble. It will not be easy to find the winner of the November Nursery on the same day, but the top-weight, **Radway,** should run well. On the following afternoon the chief puzzle will be offered by the Newbury Autumn Handicap, in which **Bonfire,** having now got back to a winning vein, may carry his penalty to victory. I think that the Kingsclere stable, which has been very quiet all the season, will carry off the Theale Plate by the aid of **Patriot** or **Ted Smith,** and for the Reading Nursery **Knight of the Heather** is my selection.

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The Traveller

THE MEDITERRANEAN, WINTER SPORTS, AND CORSICA

Tango Dinners

THE longer I linger on the shores of the Mediterranean the more I realise what an absolute idiot Fashion is. The weather just now is ideal—gloriously warm, almost too warm days, cool, delightful nights, and little or no rain. Yet, of course, the Riviera remains a desert, though the first swallows are beginning to arrive, and the hotels are opening their doors one by one. By the time these lines see print the dispute between the municipality of Nice and the Casino will have been settled, and gambling will have begun at the Grand Cercle, whose restaurant remains in Negresco's charge. The tango craze will run riot on the Riviera this winter. At the Reserve de Beaulieu they are going to have a series of tango dinners, while M. Bopp, the manager of the new Hotel Ruhl tells me that he is going to offer a magnificent cup for the amateur tango championship of the Côte d'Azur! Then there will, of course, be tango *à dix* francs in all the night restaurants, and one will hardly be surprised if someone starts tango *déjeuners*, though Rivieria visitors are very late birds indeed, and seldom begin to grow active before dark!

Better Opera

The Nice Opera has changed its management since last season, and the change is evidently for the better, for in the place of the mediocre artistes to whom we have been treated hitherto we are to have such stars as Calvé, Litvinne, and Charles Wyns. Moreover, the theatre has been done up, a process through which it badly needed going. The Casino programme has not yet been made public, but they are sure to do things well, for M. de Farconnet, the director, knows his business thoroughly, and is determined to keep up the high standard to which he has raised his Casino.

Winter Sports Again

So many of my correspondents have written me of late asking me for information regarding economical winter sport places in Switzerland that a note on this subject may prove of service. Three of the cheapest places I know are Lenk, St. Cergues, and Lenkerbad. Lenk is a comparative newcomer into the winter sport world. It is situated at an altitude of about 3,000 feet, and is very easily reached from Geneva, Lausanne, or Interlaken by the Montreux-Oberland Railway, which has recently opened a branch line from Zweisimmen. Lenk is a great place for ski-ers, while there is a capital rink in the centre of the valley, and there are several good toboggan-runs. Lenk boasts good, comfortable, and cheap hotels, and is a jolly, homely, economical little place.

At Moderate Cost

Lenkerbad, otherwise known as Loèche-les-Bains, is a picturesque little village in the Canton du Valais, on the Simplon line. It is about a thousand feet higher than Lenk, and offers every opportunity for the best kind of winter sports. There are three very fair hotels open in winter, with most moderate charges. St. Cergues is lower than either Lenk or Lenkerbad, but given an average winter there is plenty of sport to be had. It is very easily reached *via* Negou, whence it is only a little over a couple of hours' drive. Another economical winter resort is Diablerets in the Canton Vaud, which is reached by rail from Aigle in an hour.

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL IN THE WILDS

Lord Gladstone (in the helmet) out big game shooting in South Africa. He is here seen riding with Col. Napier, followed by the "head boy" on horseback and other boys looking out for game

At any of these places one can find quite good accommodation for from nine to ten francs a day.

Corsica

Why does not some enterprising person or syndicate exploit Corsica? A more beautiful country it would indeed be hard to find, and one with such varied scenery and climate, yet with the exception of two there is not a decent hotel on the whole island! Not that a holiday in Corsica—one which I strongly recommend to those who can rough it a little—is necessarily the horrible undertaking that some travellers would have it. The inns are primitive enough, I admit, but they are generally spotlessly clean, and if the food be rough it is wholesome. And then what an economical holiday one can spend in this almost unknown land! The ideal months for touring in Corsica are May and June, and by far the best way to travel over the island is by carriage. To me, at any rate, a motor-car seems utterly out of place in so primitive a country, where you can often travel for miles without seeing a living soul.

Answers to Queries

Mrs. E. F. K. (Quiet Place in Switzerland).—I should think that Pontresina might suit you, though, like practically every place in Switzerland, there are plenty of visitors in the summer. Campfer is quieter, and also stands very high, and provides all the attractions you name. Your query is a little vague, as you give me no idea of what part of Switzerland you prefer. The places named above are in the Engadine, and are reached by the Rhaetian Railway from Coire. Wengen, in the Bermese Oberland, might suit you; so might Kandersteg or Chateau d'Oex. Write me again, giving me a clearer idea of what you want and what you want to pay.

Miss H. T. (Economical Winter Sport Place).—Please read my notes of this week on this very subject. I should advise you to communicate with Messrs. Thomas Cook and Son, and make an exclusive arrangement.

M. F. P. (Decent Pension at Nice).—The Pension Courteney, Palais Grimaldi, or the Pension Cavallero, Avenue des Fleurs, would take you in for the price named. No, both Lausanne and Montreux are quite pleasant in March. Yes, you can always get The Bystander in Nice.

The Traveller

Underground to Southend-on-Sea

Such is the startling suggestion which confronts one at every turn on the District Railway. Of course it is only the way these enterprising people have of advertising their through service from the West End to London's nearest sea-resort, and one can still expect the train to come to the surface soon after central London has been left behind. The poster does, however, help one to realise that Southend is only 50 minutes journey from town, and is now boldly inviting the fashionable people of London to test its climate and to enjoy its beautiful situation during the pleasant autumn days and while the first touch of winter fog and frost are making the City uncomfortable. Besides the pleasures of the sea front and the recuperative air of Southend, the Golf Links at Thorpe Bay are a big attraction to the City man, while there is always the stately Palace Hotel with its splendid organisation to ensure perfect comfort and entertainment for even the most exacting visitor.

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The Bystander, November 12, 1913

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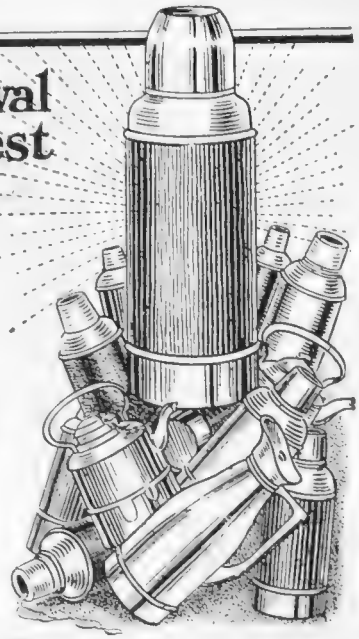

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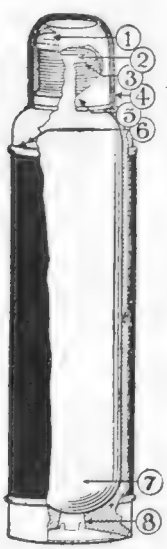

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and every article carries *our* guarantee. This means best possible value for money, and certain satisfaction.

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Full length Ponyskin, **7½ Gns.**
" " Seal Coney, **6½** and **8½ Gns.**
" " Natural Sable Musquash, **15 Gns.**

Also the newest models in SEAL MUSQUASH, SQUIRREL, MOLESKIN, PERSIAN LAMB, etc., From **6** to **100 Gns.**

SELECTED GARMENTS RESERVED FOR APPROVAL.

Wonderful ranges of STOLES and MUFFS in the most charming shapes, and all the fashionable Furs, BLACK FOX, WOLF, SEA & KITT FOX, PATAGONIAN FOX, SKUNK, BEAR, MOLESKIN, ERMINE, RUSSIAN FITCH, NATURAL RED FOX, From **6 Gns.** the Set.

Whatever your requirements, write or call, we are certain to satisfy you.

FUR REPAIRS & ALTERATIONS of every description. Expert and thorough workmanship, lowest quotations.

This elegant Coat in Ponyskin and Skunk **12½ gns**

The Wholesale Fur Co.
201, REGENT ST., W. (First Floor, not a shop), and at **145, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.** (First Floor), and other Branches.

Complete Comfort

In any room of the house you can have complete comfort by installing a Pelham Fire—a hearth fire that gives out a cheering warmth to the uttermost parts of the room.

Pelham Fires

are made in many artistic designs and are wonderfully economical in consumption of fuel. One like the illustration costs only **£4 10s.** These fires can be inspected at the Falkirk Iron Company's Showrooms, Craven House, Kingsway, W.C. May we send you catalogues and price list

LEWIS & GRUNDY, LTD
Dept. B,
NOTTINGHAM.

"I always use ROYAL VINOLIA COMPLEXION POWDER as I think it is the very purest and best to be had. I would certainly not use any other while I can get Vinolia." Irene Vanbrugh.

ROYAL VINOLIA COMPLEXION POWDER.

A SHINY condition of the skin detracts greatly from the appearance, no matter how perfect the complexion may otherwise be. Fortunately a remedy for this condition is found in Royal Vinolia Complexion Powder. It absorbs all perspiration and leaves on the face a velvety bloom. The use of this daintily perfumed Complexion Powder permits of the enjoyment of active exercise, indoors or out, without risk to the complexion, as it protects the skin from the effects not only of excessive perspiration but also of exposure to wind and sun.

When buying toilet preparations be sure and obtain Royal Vinolia
A full range of this delightful series is kept by every chemist.

IN WHITE, CREAM AND PINK SHADES.

Price, 1/9 per box.

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RV 146—29

By Appointment *To H.M. The King.*

AQUASCUTUM

THE Regd

ALL-WOOL WATERPROOF

PRICE **3** GNS.

The Aquascutum Country Life Coat.
SPORTING, MOTORING and TRAVELLING COATS always in stock.
Sole Makers: **AQUASCUTUM Ltd.**
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Hinde's

Drapers, Stores, Hairdressers, Everywhere. 6d. & 1/- the Box.

Hair Wavers.

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COLCHESTER PYEFLEET OYSTERS.

THE CORPORATION of COLCHESTER, with the COLNE FISHERY BOARD, desire to call the attention of all lovers of Oysters to their celebrated Natives known for ages as

COLCHESTER PYEFLEETS.

They are now on sale in the finest possible condition and flavour, and cannot be surpassed by any other on the market.

Dr. SIMS-WOODHEAD and other eminent Bacteriologists have lately visited the Oyster Layings, and, as a result of exhaustive examinations and analyses, have issued signed certificates again establishing the **ABSOLUTE PURITY** and **FREEDOM FROM CONTAMINATION** of the Colchester Pyefleet Oysters and their surroundings.

Printed Copies of these Guarantees can be had on application.

Ask your local Fishmonger for Colchester Pyefleets, and in case of any difficulty in obtaining please communicate with the London Agents, Messrs. BAXTER and SONS, 15, Billingsgate, E.C., or with the Manager of the Colne Fishery, 58, North Hill, Colchester.

Winter Sports Outfits

Ladies contemplating visiting Switzerland in the winter for the first time are usually confronted by an exceedingly difficult problem. They require a Sports Outfit, but they do not know what to buy. As a rule they purchase the wrong thing, or in despair they leave over the question of the outfit until they get to Switzerland, where they have to pay an exorbitant price. We have made a special study of Winter Sports Outfits, and have now in stock an immense variety of every conceivable garment suitable for tobogganing, "bobbing," ski-ing, skijoring, lugeing and skating. Ladies are invited to inquire for the manager of the department, who has personally made a most careful study of the subject at St. Moritz and other centres of winter sport, and will willingly give the benefit of his experience to anyone wishing to consult him.

REAL CASHMERE COATS, best quality, perfect shape, in 100 fashionable colours **42/-**

REAL CASHMERE COATS, extra quality, with thick backs and sleeves, our own exclusive novelty, price **50/-**

REAL SILK SPORTS COATS, Sweaters and Blazers, in all the latest styles. Waterproof Engadine Skirts, Breeches and Puttees to match. Waterproof Tailor Skirts, in all colours, **21/9.** Snowproof Ski-ing Boots **28/6.**

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Wigmore Street (Cavendish Square), London, W.

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.

Goddard's Plate Powder

Sold everywhere 6d 1/- 2/6 & 4/6.

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THE MOST WONDERFUL REPRODUCTION.

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Mention this Journal.

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Exterminated by **'LIVERPOOL' VIRUS**

RATS

without danger to other animals and without smell from dead bodies. In tins ready prepared with the bait. Virus for Rats 2/6 and 6/-; for Mice, 1/6. Of all Chemists. *Write for particulars to*

EVANS SONS LESCHER & WEBB Ltd., 56 G, Hanover Street, LIVERPOOL.

Genuine
Hand-made Norwegian
SKI
Hickory or Ash, any binding

Every pair personally selected by the famous Ski Runners, H. Durban Hansen and Victor Thorne.

BOOTS, HAIR SOCKS, GLOVES, RUCKSACS, WAX, SPARE PARTS.

THE RECOGNISED GOLF & TENNIS SPECIALISTS.

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'Phone: Regent 1992. **42, JERMYN ST., LONDON, S.W.** Telegrams "Trapbal" London."

ALL REPAIRS EFFECTED ON THE PREMISES.

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SCOTCH WHISKY
As Prepared for Export.

EXTRA SPECIAL, GOLD LABEL.
SPECIAL VERY OLD, WHITE LABEL.
VERY OLD VATTED, RED CAPSULE.

Proprietors:

BULLOCH, LADE & CO., Ltd.,
DISTILLERS AT GLASGOW, ISLAY, AND CAMPBELTOWN.
OFFICES: GLASGOW and LONDON.

"The Best Value in Sparkling Wine."

Ackerman-Laurance
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HIMROD'S

Gives Instant Relief.

No matter what your respiratory organs may be suffering from—whether Asthma, Influenza, Nasal Catarrh, or ordinary Cough—you will find in this famous remedy a restorative power that is simply unequalled.

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ROBINSON & CLEAVER'S

XMAS HANDKERCHIEFS

Samples & List Post Free.

All Letter orders to Belfast.

Handkerchiefs by Post. We ensure the same satisfaction as when a personal visit is paid, for as Manufacturers, we give the utmost value. Kindly quote number.

No. 380.-LADIES' HANDKERCHIEFS in fine Linen Cambric, beautifully embroidered. About 13 in. square. Per dozen **23/6**

No. 599.-LADIES' HANDKERCHIEFS in fine Mull; Lace edged and embroidered. About 13 in. square. Per dozen **27/-**

No. 386.-LADIES' HANDKERCHIEFS in superfine Shamrock Lawn, hand-woven and embroidered. About 13in. sq. Doz **24/6**

LONDON 44T. DONEGALL PLACE BELFAST LIVERPOOL

"TIDY-WEAR"
HAIR NETS

PATENTED REGISTERED

NOTE THE TIGHT HAIR, which, when placed over the forehead, forms a neat "bag" shape, keeping the front dressing of hair "tidy."

THE BEST SELLING AND MOST POPULAR HAIR NET IN THE WORLD.

43. (Envelope printed Blue), 3 for 1/-, 3/9 per doz.
63. (Envelope printed Red), 3 for 1/3, 4/9 per doz.
83. (Envelope printed Green), 3 for 1/7½, 6/- per doz.
93 (Envelope printed Black), 3 for 2/-, 7/6 per doz.
Grey and White Double Price.

Sold by Leading Drapers, Hairdressers & Stores
Sole Manufacturers—ROSENWALD BROS.,
Dept. T., 27-28 Noble Street, London, E.C.

HARRODS WINTER SPORTS WEAR.

One of the very finest selections of Ladies' Wear for Winter Sports may be seen at Harrods, who have made a special study of requirements. Illustrated Catalogue post free.

Illustration shows

THE "GRINDELWALD."

Real Woven Cashmere Sports Coat, 30 inches long, extra heavy. Smart Sacque shape, ribbed cardigan back, ensuring perfect fit. New roll collar. Stocked in all specially selected colourings. Price **45/6**
Large fitting, 47/6

Another design (not illustrated). in real Cashmere, without collar, half belt at back in a lighter texture. All fashionable shades
Each **29/6**
Large fitting, 31/6

Real Cashmere Tubular Scarves, to wear with above Coats .. **7/6**

Real Cashmere Caps .. **5/11**

Harrods Ltd., BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT DRAPERS and FURNISHERS TO H.M. THE QUEEN. London, S.W.

W. H. BURBIDGE, *Managing Director.*

Add a little Lemco—that is the secret of good cooks the world over—the secret of their delicious soups and gravies,—the secret of their rich entrées and savouries,—the secret of their dainty aspics and strengthening invalid jellies,—the secret of the freshness and variety of their menus,—the secret of the ease and quickness, and the surprising economy with which they prepare each appetising dish.

Nothing but just the prime cuts of rich lean beef—concentrated to the utmost under strict scientific control—is used for Lemco. That is the secret of its goodness, so rich and sustaining,—of its quality, so unimpeachable,—of its flavour, so delicate and appetising,—and why a little Lemco goes such a long way.

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LEMCO—Thames House—London, E.C.

"Beautifully Cool and Sweet Smoking."

Player's Navy Cut Tobacco and Cigarettes

SOLD ONLY IN THE ORIGINAL PACKETS AND TINS AND MAY BE OBTAINED FROM ALL STORES AND TOBACCONISTS OF REPUTE.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT

Let the Doctor Speak!

A doctor, writing in a contemporary the other day said: "As a preventive of winter ills during the cold, damp weather the body must be protected by the wearing of underclothes, which keep warmth in and atmospheric cold and dampness out; and wool does this better than any other material."

The Pure Wool of Wolsey combines unique protective quality with comfort and economy.

And to get WOLSEY is to make sure that all those other details which count so much in underwear will bear the stamp of proper workmanship and quality.

Wolsey

PURE WOOL UNDERWEAR

Every garment guaranteed unshrinkable. Any proving otherwise replaced FREE. Made in all garments and sizes for men, women and children, and sold everywhere. Never accept as Wolsey any garment without this mark. If any difficulty write—

WOLSEY UNDERWEAR CO., LEICESTER

FURTHER REMARKABLE EXPERIMENTS IN HAIR CULTURE.

Intensely Interesting Hair Facts That All who Value their Personal Appearance Should Know.

Another Wonderful Gift to Every Member of the Public by the Man who Wants the Hair of the British People to be the Finest in the World.

Mr. Edwards, the world-famous Royal Hair Specialist, publishes to-day further sensational facts which will be of the greatest benefit to all interested in the condition of their hair. In his last published information Mr. Edwards proved under the powerful, searching eye of the microscope that everyone whose hair is in any way impoverished, weak, falling, or approaching baldness, can at any age and under practically any conditions re-grow it in absolutely splendid abundance.

The first experiment illustrated in this announcement shows the startling difference in actual strength between neglected, impoverished hair and hair that has been grown in glorious and healthy profusion by daily practice of "Harlene Hair-Drill." It will be seen that the impoverished and weakened hair shaft can barely support a weight of even 3 ounces, while the vigorous, free-growing hair that has been grown by methods now at the free disposal of every reader of THE BYSTANDER is shown actually supporting a weight of 8 ounces. Make this test yourself. It will give you at once a valuable indication of the condition of health your hair enjoys.

A striking test which proves the difference between weak and healthy hair. The impoverished hair will barely support a weight of 3 oz. The healthy hair easily supports an 8oz. weight. If your hair falls in the least from the healthy one, stand to it, Mr. Edwards offers you a free gift that will tell you how to render it not merely healthy, but splendidly abundant.

THE WEIGHT OF THE HAIR.

Mr. Edwards has discovered, by careful computation, the astonishing fact that whereas the hair on an ordinary impoverished head weighs barely one ounce, "Hair-Drill-grown" hair, in all its richness and profusion of perfect health, weighs as much as six or seven ounces.

Again, the microscope reveals the fact that to every square inch of the head treated with "Harlene" there are the enormous total of 600 hairs, whereas before only a third of this number—and those very weak and straggling—existed. These striking facts show the real and startling difference between neglected, deteriorating hair, and hair re-grown or rejuvenated by the world-famous "Harlene Hair-Drill" method of culture, and Mr. Edwards, with a magnificent gift, enables you to commence the change.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

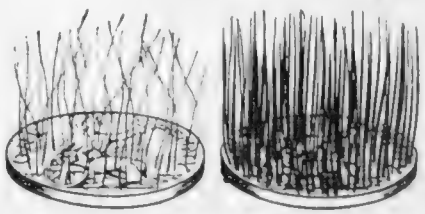
Mr. Edwards definitely states that there is no reason why those sufferers from Hair ailments, who are losing their hair, should continue to suffer. He offers to prove that hair can grow practically at any age under any condition, and to support his assertion, offers as a free gift to all who send this form a complete Harlene Hair Drill Outfit.

POST THE FORM WITHOUT DELAY.

MR. EDWARDS' EXCEPTIONAL GIFT.

The renewal of Mr. Edwards' wonderful offer of a free hair-growing gift to every member of the public who sends to him for it will be good news for all who have not yet sent in their applications.

This huge gift is open to everyone.
—Whose hair is out of condition.
—Whose hair is falling.
—Who is dreading the approach of baldness.
—Who is noticing the first signs of greyness.
—Who is troubled with hair-killing scurf and dandruff.



—Who experiences intense scalp irritation
Whose hair is lank and greasy.
And lacking in crisp vitality.

The number of hairs on a healthy head of hair, say in the space covered by one penny, is 600. The more impoverished your hair the less the number. If you know your hair is thin or falling, why not send for the great Harlene Hair-Drill Gift to-day.

THE "HARLENE HAIR-DRILL" OUTFIT COMPRISES—

1. A trial supply of the strengthening hair tonic and dressing "Harlene."

2. A packet of "Cremex," a delightful shampo powder, which thoroughly cleanses the scalp from scurf and dandruff, and prepares it for the Hair-Drill treatment.

3. A copy of the famous Harlene "Hair Drill Manual," including reports upon remarkable experiments in hair culture.

To secure this unique, scientific, "At-Home-Hair-Growing" Outfit, simply fill in and post the form below. When you find what magnificent results accrue from the use of this wonderful preparation, you can secure further supplies of Harlene from any chemist at 1*s.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*, or 4*s.* 6*d.* per bottle, and of Cremex, 1*s.* per box of 7 packets, single packet, 2*d.* The proprietors will forward them upon receipt of payment, post free. Foreign orders, freight extra. All cheques and postal orders should be crossed.

To the EDWARDS HARLENE CO.,
104, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

Dear Sirs,—In accordance with your offer in this week's BYSTANDER, will you please forward me, entirely as a free gift, the Complete Hair Drill Outfit?

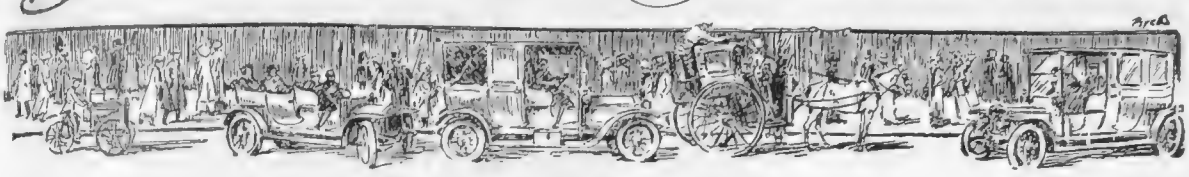
I enclose 3*d.* stamps for postage to any part of the world. Foreign stamps accepted.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

THE BYSTANDER, November 12, 1913.

Fashion's Fancies.



By MRS. JACK MAY

Need for an Open Mind

THE eclecticism of dress just now is truly astonishing. The only comfortable way of facing the situation is to keep an open mind, otherwise one is liable to receive some nasty jars. That crinoline coat, for example, about as ugly and unnecessary a piece of extravagance as anyone could wish to find. I saw it displayed on an elegant mannequin, who put into the wear of it what only a well-trained mannequin can, in the way of individual adaptation, and it was frankly hideous.

Costumes for All

Further[illegible] the departure i[illegible]ecessary just at this moment when the[illegible] a verily bewilderin[illegible]hoice of smart an[illegible]becoming styles, an[illegible] complete absence o[illegible]notony. It is no exaggeration to say there [illegible] costume coats to su[illegible]ll figures. Those of accentuated straight line are inclined to predominate, although the eye is frequently encountering basques with a distinct *flair* in them, chiefly at the sides and back. A weird little model, but one supremely attractive, was carried out in rifle green cloth, and displayed at the back a wonderful scarf effect, that seemed to start out of nothing at the right side just beneath the shoulders, and finished with a knot beneath the left arm, right on the hips. It was really a notable piece of sartorialism.

A DAINTY CONFECTION

Arranged in a scheme of delicate gold and citron, the skirt being of soft satin, and the folded waist-belt of green silk

(Sketched by Dorothy Millar)

A Tango Evening Frock

I have long been wishing to get in my little say on this subject, since my personal environment at the moment is charged with the Tango. I rise and retire to the rather doleful dirges, exacted by this successor of the Minuet, the which it resembles in slowness of time, and nothing else, and have watched with varying emotions, mingled mirth and disapproval, silk-stockinged legs, being shot out in that long sweeping back step, which was surely never destined to be danced in a hobble skirt.

A Charming Model

I observe though, that while absolutely assured of success, a slit up the back of the *jupe* is not imperative. Given a generous fold over in front, that suffices for the "give." And it is on this method Mrs. Dorothy Millar has modelled her original pictured design, a dainty little confection, arranged in a scheme of delicate citron and gold. For the skirt, very soft satin is requisitioned, to which net for the pretty frilly tunic is toned. Net again fashions the corsage mounted over shadow lace, the latter lightly darned with gold thread, while a strikingly effective note is imparted by a folded waist belt of vivid green silk, just hemmed over at the top edge with dull gold tissue. And under this, the front draperies of the skirt have the appearance

of being pulled, finishing in a little upstanding coquille.

Coquilles

Although these little corsage coquilles were scarcely taken to kindly at first, they are now so deftly handled, they have entirely lost their earlier rather ungainly appearance. A dear little frock, I met recently at a Tango Tea, boasted a Magyar, fashioned with close-fitting sleeves to the wrist, of the palest mauve ninon, an upstanding coquille of the same finishing the waist, together with a fold of quaint, faintly coloured *chêne* ribbon. Beneath came draperies of pale mauve *charmeuse*, caught high up at one side to show a petticoat of filmy tinted lace.

A New Sports Coat

That the tailored sports coat has come to stay, in its every aspect, is assured. It arrived at the right psychological moment, and this may equally be said of a weather-proof example recently brought out by that long time established house Robert Heath, Knightsbridge. As an adjoined picture relates, this is the ideal

FOR STORMY WEATHER

An ideal sports coat, absolutely weather-proof and very useful owing to the freedom it gives the wearer, for golf on wet days

(Sketched at Robert Heath's, Knightsbridge)

possession for stormy weather golf, or any other sport. It is so built, with expanding back pleat, free armholes, and a wonderful balance that no sort of inconvenience is experienced when playing. A waist band controls the skirt part, while the sleeves are fitted with an adjustable band cuff, that is as practical as it is neat and efficacious. As to the patch pockets, they are built for generous service, in fact the whole scheme has been thought out with the utmost care and nicety. At 73s. 6d. Robert Heath is offering this model in a weather-proof material, that is entirely free of rubber, in a pleasant range of neutral shades, together with some delightful shot fancies that make for change and variety.

The "Ailsa" Cap

Furthermore, included in the sketch is the "Ailsa" cap, which is admittedly one of the most comfortable and ingenious pieces of headgear ever produced. The initial feature of the "Ailsa" is that it is reversible, velvet on the one side and shot waterproof silk on the other, and whichever side out it is worn, the same appearance is

HARRODS

By Special Appointment Drapers and Furnishers to H.M. The Queen

Millinery.

Some of the Smartest Models ever seen in London are now on View in the Millinery Salon. Ladies are invited to make an early Visit of Inspection.

M.I. 1932.

Illustrations Show

M.I. 1932.

Chic Austrian Velour Hat, new wide-shaped crown, brim caught up on left side, and trimmed with a smart Band and Wing of Plumage, in all Shades 49/6

M.I. 1914.

Good quality Velour Hat, close-fitting and feather-weight, trimmed with a thick ribbed Band of Ribbon and Quill at side. In all colours and Black .. 45/9

M.I. 1914.

ORDERS BY POST CAREFULLY EXECUTED.

HARRODS LTD RICHARD BURBIDGE MANAGING DIRECTOR LONDON S.W

"Loveliness Invisible."—
Keats.

Fashion's Favourite Fragrance.

The sweetest perfume that ever stole upon the wearied senses—soothing, refreshing, a source of unwearying delight. Omar Khayyam is unique in type, and its inspiriting influence can only be likened to that of a fragrant summer breeze. The perfume of refreshingly original character.

OMAR KHAYYAM

ORIGINATED BY COURVOISIER LONDON, W.
2/9, 5/-, 11/6, 21/- in dainty box.
Sold by all high-class Chemists and Stores.

A new Courvoisier production
ESS VIOTTO for the hands.
1/-, 2/- and 4/- per bottle.
A lotion for beautifying the hands.

Wholesale: H. Bronnley & Co., Ltd., London, W. 468

TO BE SMART
BE DRESSED IN PARIS
WITHOUT A VISIT

In addressing yourself directly to us, we will execute
TO YOUR EXACT MEASURES
the latest and the most elegant créations of Paris Fashions
AT PRICES UNKNOWN
to this day

In mentioning this paper, you will receive post free our Catalogue containing our season models, also prices, patterns of materials used by us and instructions for self measurements

Our Gowns are always
PERFECT IN THEIR FIT
being tried on our
TRANSFORMABLE STANDS
adapting themselves to each figure

Orders are delivered in eight days maximum.

LOUISE SŒURS
12, RUE DE LA PAIX — PARIS

In this illustration the arrows denote how the heat generated in the LANCO Electric Rug rises at all points from the floor, enveloping the sitter in a genial warmth.

Don't suffer from Cold Feet—use the
Lanco Electric Rug

Doctors will tell you to combat the dangers of Cold Feet at all costs. Here is a pleasant way of doing this effectively.

The Lanco Electric Rug—the latest electrical invention—gives forth a delightfully soft warmth which, *rising from the floor*, is distributed evenly throughout the room, permeating corners and niches that the heat from fires do not reach. It is the ideal method of heating, and the most healthful. Another valuable feature of this rug is its portability.

Get this wonderful Rug, attach to any electric light plug or socket, and right away it commences its beneficial work. Overheating is quite impossible. There is no danger whatever. The electric heating element consists of a fine, strong, and flexible Tissue thoroughly protected and insulated. The cost of current used is so small as not to matter. Full particulars on request.

PRICES

Lanco Electric Reversible Woollen Mats, best quality. For voltages from 100 to 240. Size approx. 15 by 20 ins., any voltage from 100 to 250.

Mottled Grey	Plain Sage Green	Self Rose Coloured or Green Trellis
35/-	37/6	40/-

Size approx. 18 by 25 ins., any voltage from 100 to 120—

45/-	47/-	50/-

Size approx. 21 by 27 ins., any voltage from 200 to 250—

55/-	57/6	60/-

Particulars of other sizes on application

WHAT VOLTAGE? PLEASE STATE THIS WHEN ORDERING

If your Electrician cannot supply, obtain, by stating voltage, from

THE LANCO COMPANY 1, Orchard Street, corner Gt. Smith St., London, S.W

presented, even to a narrow band round the crown, and flat bow at one side. Either way it stands drenching rain, and the shape fits so securely it is entirely independent of pins. As goes without saying, this hat is entirely hand made, and beautifully light in weight. Doubtless too, it will be of interest to many to learn that at Robert Heath's, there are waterproof velour hats from 35*s*. Since the velour hat can do no wrong, just now, it is just as well to know where to go to get a really reliable quality.

Yuletide Offerings

Requiring an intermediate gift for a mere male the other day, I strolled into Boswell Hensman's, 91, Regent Street, having heard of a little black *moiré* cigarette-case to be found there. I found that and several other things that, despite the previousness of the hour, aroused me to thoughts of Christmas gifts. The black *moiré* cigarette-case is very "twee"—the latest slang for sweet—being quite flat and mounted into a narrow silver gilt rim that keeps automatically closed without any clasp. Of course, it is for evening use exclusively, and there are little match-cases to correspond, only 5*s*. 6*d*. The cases are 14*s*. 6*d*. Decidedly a "nutty" idea.

CARRIAGE WRAP

Worn by H.R.H. the Princess Arthur of Connaught on her return from the wedding ceremony. The coat, which was beautifully draped, was carried out in handsome white brocade on a satin ground, the design being embossed velvet, while it was lined through with rich satin, the collar being formed of one large white fox skin. Made by Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, W.

Pocket Lighters

A compact arrangement of tinder and flint, for motor-car and outdoor use generally, attracted my attention, and also the resources of my purse, at 7*s*. 6*d*. and 8*s*. 6*d*. Boswell Hensman finds his particular pocket-lighter of flint and benzine gives perfect satisfaction, while a complete novelty is a dachshund, a faithful model of that long-backed species of dog, which, when its tail is pressed, throws back its head and reveals a tongue of flame—benzine and combustion.

Manicure Sets

Anyone in search of an original manicure set should go and see the ingenious arrangement here in a Dorothy bag. The implements are slipped through straps either side a removable board, and represent the full complement. The bag is of velvet calf, a great speciality of Boswell Hensman's, in delicate tints of silver, mole, and grey. His latest flat hand-bag, fitted with purse and mirror, is a veritable little gem. According to size this is only 10*s*. 6*d*. and 14*s*. 6*d*. Quite a Mecca for gifts and knick-knacks is this establishment, to be found at the old Quadrant end of Regent Street.

HOW TO BECOME GRACEFUL

A PRETTY CHIN

Have you a double chin, large bust, large hips, large waist, and a large abdomen? Flesh hanging over your corsets at the back, adding years to your age? If so, send stamped envelope to ELVIRA, or call at 4a, Lower Belgrave Street, Victoria, S.W., when she will give all particulars of a wonderful discovery she herself has made which she guarantees will remove all superfluous flesh. Wrinkles, crow's feet, bagginess beneath the eyes, can all be removed by her simple and harmless method. No body bandages to be worn, no exercises nor dieting necessary. **She undertakes to remove a double chin in a fortnight.**

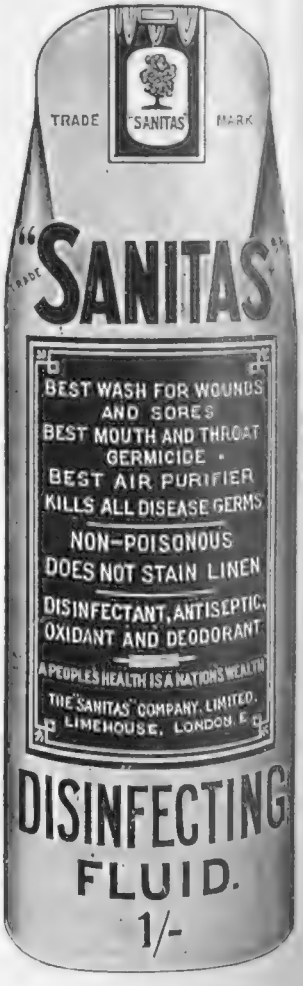
Madame Elvira, who for many years has so successfully treated her clients, is at this moment a welcome benefactress to those suffering from an excess of flesh. Working with the approval of the Medical profession, she has scored hundreds of successes. Her wonderful method will reduce the most overwhelming amount of flesh. Her treatment for double chin strengthens the muscles of the face and removes the ugly droop at the corner of the mouth, which is inevitable when the contractile tissues have lost their firmness. Remember that Madame Elvira guarantees to restore to face and figure the contour of Youth. Ladies suffering from Eczema, blotchy skins, or, indeed, any other skin trouble, should place themselves in her hands.

Under Royal Patronage.

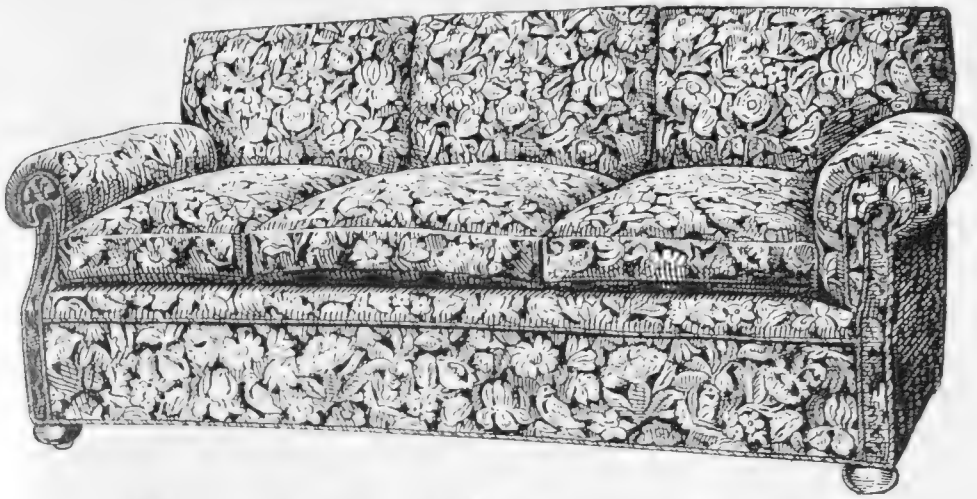
Madame ELVIRA,

SPECIALIST IN BEAUTY & FIGURE CULTURE,

Telephone: 6017 Victoria. **4a LOWER BELGRAVE ST., VICTORIA, S.W.**



The most restful Settee obtainable at so moderate a price.



Hamptons' "Walton" Settee.

Being stuffed with hair throughout, fitted with three loose down-filled cushions, and covered with Tapestry at 5/6 per yard, this Settee affords value which cannot be surpassed.

Length, 6 ft. 6 in.; height, 2 ft. 9 in.; depth, 2 ft. 9 in., **£11 15 0.**

Hampton & Sons, Ltd., have no connection whatsoever with any other Furnishing House.

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PALL MALL LONDON

Hamptons' deliver to house within 30 miles, and pay carriage to any railway station in Great Britain or to any port in Ireland.

THE NEW COAT FOR SPORTS WEAR

THE LOW WAIST.

THE "ELVASTON" COAT

A three-quarter length roomy wrap, slightly drawn to the figure below the waist by a deep belt with natty little flap pockets. Makes up extremely smart in my new and bright shades of Blanket Cloths, Fleeces, Naps, etc.

PRICE **4** GNS.

THE WEYBRIDGE SPORTS COAT.

A natty short coat with deep belt slightly below the waist, specially designed to wear with various skirts, in my new and brilliant shades of Homespuns, Fleeces, etc.

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A magnificent collection of SHORT AND THREE-QUARTER

SPORTS COATS

in many original styles in my new Fleeces, Homespuns, Blanket Cloths, etc.

THE "GLENSIDE" SPORTS COAT.

A new short coat specially designed to wear with various skirts for Sports wear.

Made in my new materials in brilliant colours

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KENNETH DURWARD

ULSTER HOUSE, CONDUIT ST., W.

The Menu

A LITTLE DÉJEUNER À LA FOURCHETTE

Hors d'Œuvres
Sole à la Financière
Mutton Fillets with Turnips
Braised Partridges. Fried Potatoes
Endive Salad
Caramel Pudding
Devilled Biscuits. Coffee

Sole à la Financière.

Prepare the fillets of sole and have ready a buttered fireproof dish. Sprinkle it with chopped mushrooms, some minced parsley, shallot, and herbs. On this place the fish, and pour round it some stock with a wineglassful of white wine to almost cover it, place more mushrooms over it, and sprinkle grated cheese on the top. Serve in the dish in which the fish was cooked.

Mutton Fillets with Turnips.

Bone carefully a loin of mutton, cut the meat into slices about three-quarters of an inch thick. Beat each slightly with a rolling-pin, and trim each neatly. The slices should look like cutlets without any bones. Melt about 2 oz. of butter in a sauté-pan, and put in the prepared noisettes or fillets. Season them with salt and pepper, and fry quickly on both sides. Peel four or five turnips, and cut them into large olive shapes; blanch them in salted water, drain, and braise them with 1 oz. of butter and a little stock; then add the necessary seasoning Put a bed of sliced tomatoes, previously tossed in butter and seasoned, on a hot dish. Upon this arrange the cooked fillets, and garnish with the braised turnips; then coat with some nicely prepared brown sauce, and serve hot.

Braised Partridges.

Brown a brace of partridges in a stewpan, in either clarified dripping or butter, add a piece of bacon cut into small dice, a little chopped onion, two cloves, two carrots chopped small, a bay-leaf, and some good stock; place these with the birds in a casserole-dish in the oven, and cook gently for one and a half hours. Strain the gravy before serving. This mode of cooking is specially recommended for old birds.

Caramel Pudding.

Put ½ lb. of raw sugar (black is best) in a stewpan, with one tablespoonful of water, and boil until it begins to burn; then pour it into a mould, and let it run round the sides and bottom. When the sugar is set, make a custard with four eggs, a pint of milk, sugar and flavouring (vanilla for choice), pour into the mould, and stand in a saucepan of boiling water (the mould must be covered with paper, and the water should reach about half-way up the mould), then draw the saucepan to the side, and let it steam, but not boil, for about two hours.

Devilled Biscuits.

Wash and bone some anchovies, and pound them in a mortar with butter and cayenne. Fry some plain biscuits (Huntley and Palmer's Thin Captain) in a little butter with salt and cayenne, and while hot spread with the mixture. Sprinkle a very few crumbs on the top. Reheat in the oven for a few minutes, and serve very hot.

AMELIA

HAVE THEM BY YOU.

You need never be at a loss for a perfect sweet course so long as Currants are available. Have you heard about this season's crop? It is marvellously good—in fact, one may truthfully say—perfect. The price, as usual, is strictly moderate, so that for the very small outlay needed to secure a stock of Currants the return is more than adequate. Quite a special feature in every well-organised household is a knowledge of Currant Cookery. It has many advantages. First, the regular use of Currants is conducive to health—that is all-important; second, it is very economical; and last, but not least, the flavour of a dish that contains Currants is always attractive. A larder with a reserve of Currants is always well stocked. Always have them handy. The following recipes have been specially prepared by a leading expert in domestic cookery.

Currant Soda Cake.

1 lb. flour, ½ lb. Currants, ¼ lb. brown or moist sugar, ¾ lb. butter, 2 eggs, 2 teaspoonsful treacle, 1 teaspoonful bi-carbonate of soda, ½ pint milk.

METHOD.—Mix the flour and soda, rub in the butter, add sugar and Currants, then the treacle, milk and beaten eggs. Beat all well together, fill in two well-buttered cake moulds, and bake in a moderately hot oven for about 1¼ hours.

Currant Fritters.

3 eggs, 3 ozs. flour, 4 ozs. currants, 4 tablespoonsful boiled rice, sugar to taste, a grate of nutmeg, ½ pint of milk, a pinch of salt, frying fat.

METHOD.—Make the batter by mixing the yolks of eggs with the flour and adding milk gradually till a smooth and light batter is obtained. Add the salt to the whites of eggs and whisk stiffly, stir them lightly into the batter, add the currants, rice, nutmeg and enough castor sugar to sweeten. Drop the mixture in spoonsful into hot fat and fry to a light brown colour. Drain the fritters on a cloth or paper and dredge over with castor sugar. Serve piled up on a hot dish.

THE true secret of getting the full enjoyment that each meal should give, is to break yourself of the habit of saying "Worcestershire sauce," and always to call for

"LEA & PERRINS'."

There are scores of "Worcestershire sauces." There is only one Lea & Perrins. No other has ever succeeded in equalling it. If you say simply "Worcestershire" you may get one of the imitations.

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indicates the ORIGINAL and GENUINE WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE.

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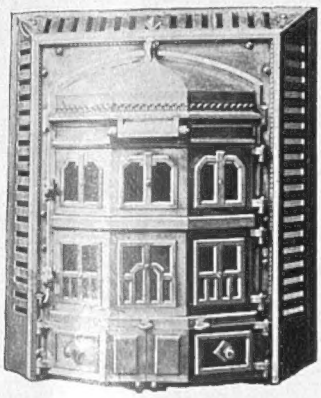
ANTHRACITE
STOVE
WITH ORIGINAL-SAFETY-REGULATOR



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MELTONIAN MEMS.—No. 13. Says Byron "On with the dance! let joy be unconfined; no sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet to chase the glowing hours with flying feet."—

And for the flying footwear "On with MELTONIAN CREAM!"

MELTONIAN CREAM makes "patent" footwear look its smartest, brightest, best: keeps it free from cracks and wrinkles, improves its suppleness, lengthens its days.

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MELTONIAN PASTE is a revelation. So little is required to produce such great results, you'll find it far more economical than other kinds.

LUTETIAN CREAM (light or dark) is a perfect wonder-worker with fine brown leather, and MELTONIAN BROWN PASTE is equally attractive for those who prefer paste.

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Just this One Word—so full of meaning that it has a place in every language.

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The Equivalent for Supreme Merit.

What the Word Stands For:—

For *Absolute Purity* and the highest quality in all ingredients.

For an *Exquisite Emollience* which softens and refines the skin.

For *Great Economy* in use, One cake of PEARS lasting as long as Two of common soaps.

For its marvellous *Complexion Beautifying Properties*, hence its fame as

Matchless for the Complexion

The Editor's Box

Improved Wine

Appetising herbs have been combined with wine for many centuries, and is now sold as Vermouth in large quantities all over the world. "Junora," in addition to the beneficial qualities of ordinary pure wine and the pleasant appetising properties of vermouth, has a power which no other wine or vermouth possesses, on account of its containing the most wonderful nerve-tonic known to science viz., the organic glycero phosphates of lecithin-ovo. Loss of appetite means loss of vitality, and the loss of vitality means loss of health. The appetising herbs used in "Junora" will give the stimulus you require. The old house of Humphrey Taylor and Co. have possessed knowledge of herbs since 1770. In building up brain and muscle, much depends upon the proper assimilation of the food taken. "Junora" stimulates the flow of the gastric juices, and promotes healthy action of the digestive organs. It should be taken as an appetiser before or with meals, and is made at the Bloomsbury Distillery, W.C.

An Indian Visitor

I am asked to say that Her Highness the Maharanee Holkar of Indor will arrive at the Hotel Cecil on Thursday next with her suite, which will occupy all of the first floor. This is the second visit this year of Her Highness to the Hotel Cecil, and in a week or two she will be leaving for India.

The Garden

Horticulturists who contemplate planting new trees and shrubs in their gardens would do well to peruse, beforehand, Messrs. Pennell and Sons (Lincoln) catalogue. This firm's assortment is variety itself, ranging from hardy ornamental evergreens to forest and covert trees. Messrs. Pennell's enormous stock of forest trees, cannot be surpassed in the kingdom for health, vigour, and good roots.

The Ceanothus Glorie de Versailles.

One of these plants will produce hundreds of large branches of lovely blue feathery flowers. They can be obtained from Messrs. Pennell and Sons, the well-known Nurserymen, of High Street, Lincoln.

A Serviceable Overcoat,

Very light and useful for winter walks, made by Messrs. Samuel Bros. of 65-67, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

Motor Coats

The principal attraction at the stand of Messrs. Samuel Brothers, of 65-67, Ludgate Hill, E.C., the well-known motor outfitters, is a motor overcoat with a detachable leather lining made of an entirely new cloth termed "Kozilyte," introduced by Messrs. Samuel Brothers, and equally adapted for ladies' or gentlemen's wear. The outstanding feature of this new cloth is that, although delightfully cosy, fleecy, and warm, it has a back surface with a close wiry finish, something resembling the weave of the familiar stockinette. The result of this is that without any sacrifice of comfort and warmth one can save approximately three pounds in the weight of a motor coat—a tremendous advantage when one thinks that after removing the leather lining—a matter of a few seconds—one can walk miles in the coat and wear it with comfort from October to May without feeling it an encumbrance.

Footwear

Riches, somebody says, consist less in the multitude of our possessions than in the fewness of our wants, and economy just as truly depends less on the irreducible minimum of expenditure than on the securing always of goods of utmost value. Which is why the "Meltonian" Boot Polishes, though not actually the lowest-priced to buy, are, by reason of their unusual excellence, the truest economy. The manufacturers have recently introduced a most handy novelty in the shape of a compact outfit at 2s. There is a tube of "Meltonian" (black) or "Lutetian" (brown) Cream, an excellent brush, and a unique Selvyt pad arrangement, the whole folding up into a handsome, space-saving, art-metal case.

The only Brain Food

of which the effect can be at once perceived; the only cocoa that all can digest is Phospho-Cacao. That is why doctors recommend it instead of coffee, tea, or chocolate.

PHOSPHO-CACAO

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